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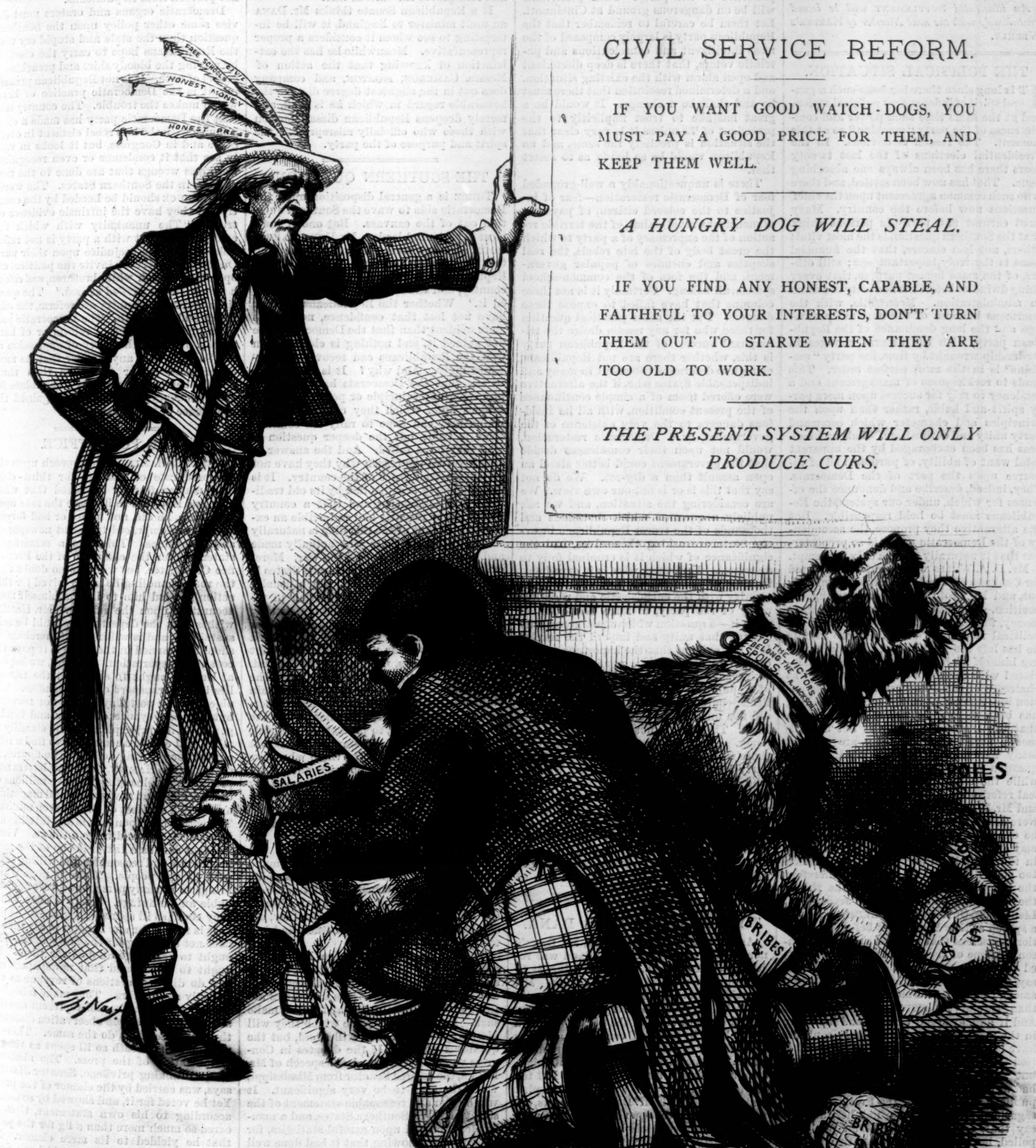

CUR-TAIL-PHOBIA.

U. S. "Because he steals? You are, as usual, 'Mr. Statesman,' at the wrong end."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 22, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a very interesting sketch entitled*

"THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER,"

a short story, and other attractions.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

It is long since there has been such a general spirit of independent political action, and at the same time such power and completeness of the party "machine," as at this moment. The reason is obvious. In the Presidential elections of the last twenty years there has been always one absorbing issue. That has now been settled, and there is no such common agreement upon the chief questions now before the country. Many most earnest and patriotic persons think that the Southern question is the most vital; others, not less sincere, that the financial issue is the truly important one; still others, of the same honest purpose, that every thing dwindles before the necessity of reform in administration. Meanwhile, with the enormous increase of the national patronage and the long dominance of the Republican party, with the natural changes in leadership wrought by time, the party "machine" is in the most perfect order. This leads to recklessness of management and a tendency to rely for success upon mere party spirit and habit, rather than upon the principles and character which command party unity and enthusiasm. This recklessness has been encouraged by the apparent total want of ability, of purpose, and of resource upon the part of the Democrats. They, indeed, describe and denounce the offenses for which, under our system, the Republicans must be held responsible. But the alternative they propose, the ascendency of the Democratic party, is so preposterous that it naturally excites only contempt.

Mr. D. A. Wells was recently nominated for Congress by the Democrats in Connecticut, and he wrote a letter explaining his position. He said that he was for honest money, for progressive free trade, and for political reform. To obtain these results he has left the Republican, and, while calling himself an independent, has been associated with the Democratic party, and was chairman of the Democratic State Convention in Connecticut last year. Yet nothing has been more clearly demonstrated than that the Democratic party is not a hard-money party, although there are a great many hard-money Democrats. Upon the question of free trade parties do not divide, while the only practical meaning of political reform is a reform of the civil service; and Mr. Wells would certainly smile if he were asked to say that such a measure is to be expected of the Democrats. His letter may explain why he has lost faith and hope in the Republican party. But he is much too good a logician to urge that therefore the Democratic will do all that he thinks the Republican has failed to accomplish. Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, also, in a speech at New Haven just before the election, conscious that he must show some reason for hope of the Democratic party, pointed to Governor Tilden. But he did not say, for he could not, why Governor Tilden among Democrats is a more significant figure than Secretary Bristow among Republicans. And if he had urged that he had his party in the State behind him, not only could he have been answered that the last State election threw great doubt upon the assertion, but that the action of Secretary Bristow had at once made him so conspicuous a Republican candidate for the Presidency that sagacious observers have not hesitated to say that, could the Republican party be polled, he would beyond question be the candidate.

The general independence of feeling of which we have spoken and the power of the machine are two exceedingly interesting facts in the political situation. The machine may be able to nominate a candidate, but it is certainly able to lose the election. In the Convention of 1872 that renominated General Grant, Mr. Morton said, in allusion to the position of Mr. Sumner, that the party is greater than any person in it. He could safely say so, because there was no doubt whatever that the great body of Republicans earnestly desired the renomination of the President. It was not the machine that originally nominated General Grant, and in 1872 the machine merely obeyed the overwhelming will of the party. But in 1876 there is no such general understanding and accord. As we have said, shrewd observers have asserted that Mr. Bristow is undoubtedly the general choice of the Republican masses, but no preference is indicated, as it was for Mr. Lincoln in 1864 and for General Grant in 1872. It is, therefore, very possible for the Convention to make a serious, if not a fatal, mistake. The tendency of politicians—using the word in the usual sense—is to rely exclusively upon the machine, or the regularity of nomination, and to miscalculate the real independence of the party. Such politicians will be on dangerous ground at Cincinnati. Let them be careful to remember that the Republican party is largely composed of the most intelligent and conscientious and patriotic voters, that there is deep discontent and open alarm with the existing situation, and a determined resolution that there must be and shall be a change. It would be a great mistake to trust implicitly to the precedent of '72 unless it is very clear that the situation is precisely the same, and no Republican would be so hardy as to assert that.

There is unquestionably a well-grounded fear of Democratic restoration—fear of injustice to the colored citizen, of payment of monstrous rebel claims, of the terrible reaction of the supremacy of a party to which the great body of the late rebels, the real skeptics and enemies of popular government, and the foes of the common-school system, all belong. Certainly it is not these columns that have failed to expose these dangers. But the sober practical question for those who for any reason desire the triumphant success of the Republican party is this, whether there are not Republicans enough to determine the result in many and indispensable States who, if the alternative were offered them of a simple continuance of the present condition, with all its insidious dangers to the very existence of the government, or a Democratic restoration, would not upon their consciences decide that the government could better stand an open assault than a dry-rot. We do not say that this is or is not our own view. We are considering the situation, and we ask publicly a question which thousands and thousands of the truest Republicans in every State are asking themselves, and the significance of which it is criminal folly to disregard. Is it, then, wise, is it expedient, in view of the possibility of carrying the country with the enthusiastic and resistless unity of the party, to force this question upon it—a question which must necessarily destroy that unity and imperil the result? Is it not evident that the important consideration in deciding the nomination is the courageous independence of a large body of Republican voters? A leading Republican Senator said in a public speech that he did not understand belonging to a party a little. Then he did not understand his own party. Its majorities are often made up of those who belong to it very little when the party tone is low and personal, but who belong to it a great deal when its aims and methods are honorable and patriotic. A nomination which shall command the approval and arouse the will and moral enthusiasm of the country, not one which depends for success upon the regulation vote and mechanical drill of the party, is the nomination which good policy demands at Cincinnati.

THE SENATE AND MR. DANA.

As we anticipated last week, Mr. Dana's nomination as minister to England was rejected by the Senate, the vote being 31 to 17, and there were 23 Senators absent. Mr. Dana's nomination was one of the best ever made by President Grant, and was so received on both sides of the ocean. He is a Republican by profound conviction, and has been of very great service to the Republican cause. In the party he is a type of its highest character and its best purpose. But the Republican convictions and aims, the spirit and method which Mr. Dana represents, are fast coming into open antagonism with those which have lately been too ascendant in the party, and which have brought it to shame and peril. He is therefore especially obnoxious to General Butler and to Butlerism every where, and in his rejection it is the worst element and tendency of the party which have triumphed.

The Democrats who voted, intent upon a mere party advantage—for we are unwilling to believe that Messrs. Bayard and Thurman were really troubled by the legal question in regard to the annotations of Wheaton—voted against the confirmation. As a mere matter of party tactics, they saw that by uniting with Messrs. Cameron, Morton, Logan, and the other adverse Republicans, they could deal a serious blow at the party prestige of the majority. That blow was aimed, however, by Republicans. The confirmation of Mr. Dana would have given the great body of Republicans in the country cause for pride and satisfaction. His rejection points the sneer of every Democrat that the rulers of the Republican party will not tolerate a really independent and superior man. It is true that Senators must act according to their individual judgment in advising and consenting to nominations. But when that judgment leads them to reject the men who have the very character and qualities that are most wanted in the public service, Senators must not be surprised that the country remarks and ponders and remembers the curious fact.

If a Republican Senate thinks Mr. Dana an unfit minister to England, it will be interesting to see whom it considers a proper representative. Meanwhile he has the satisfaction of knowing that the action of Messrs. Cameron, Morton, and company does not in the slightest degree disturb the honorable regard in which he is held, and merely deepens Republican dissatisfaction with those who officially misrepresent the spirit and purpose of the party.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

There is a general disposition upon the Democratic side to wave the Southern question out of the canvass. But one of their most experienced leaders, Mr. Horatio Seymour, said in a recent interview something that Democrats may well ponder. "The Republicans have lost the confidence of the country, and the Democrats have not gained it." Whether the Republicans have or have not lost that confidence, nothing is more evident than that the Democrats have not gained it, and nothing is clearer than that the Republicans can recover it overwhelmingly. And why? It is not enough to say that the Democrats have failed in proposing any principle or policy upon any subject upon which they can unite, or to which they can hope to rally the country. That is true; but the deeper question is why they have failed. And the answer to that involves the reason why they have not gained the confidence of the country. It is that the party is controlled by its old traditions and tendencies, and that a country which has so recently had so terrible an experience as that of the rebellion is naturally wary of trusting those who actually made and who morally supported the war. Moreover, the situation of the Southern States is entirely different from that which usually follows a civil war. The question in regard to them is not so much whether they are faithful to the government as whether they are so faithful to it that the colored race shall have fair play. This is a point which Democrats, meaning to be candid, seem utterly unable to perceive. The amended Constitution has given certain rights to the new citizens, and has authorized Congress, by legislation, not merely the courts, by decisions, to protect those rights. But the Democrats constantly insist that protection shall be left to those who have shown that they have no wish and no intention of protecting. In plain terms, they contend that the intention of the amendments shall be technically baffled. And the country knows perfectly well that the object is partisan and not patriotic. Mr. Boutwell said, with truth, that if the Northern Democratic leaders would demand of their Southern allies justice and fair play for the colored citizens, the chief cause of trouble would disappear. But the Northern Democrats, with their old servility, are constantly denying the oppression and justifying the oppressor.

This is the fact which the Democratic press and orators carefully conceal, and insist that the real questions are the currency and reform. Real questions in politics are those which public interest and feeling make such. Orators may choose which they will discuss and which they will avoid, but the questions remain. If the debates in Congress were generally read, the speech of Mr. Bruce, the colored Senator from Mississippi, would be seen to be very significant. It was a calm and reasonable statement of the situation in the Southern States, and a manly plea, founded upon careful statistics, for his own race, showing that it had done well under the extraordinary circumstances, and deserved the utmost sympathy. The speech disposed by facts of the vague rhetoric of Democrats. Yet Mr. Bruce makes no general attack upon the Southern whites, and sincerely deprecates the color line in politics. He acknowledges that there are whites in his own State who condemn the persecution of the colored citizens, but they are ruled by a "ferocious minority," known as the White League. Stating various instances of violence against his race, he answers the question why a Republican State government claiming twenty thousand majority did not keep the peace. His answer is that it was obliged to depend upon a militia partially organized and poorly armed, and when it attempted to summon them and to use the very small appropriation that had been made for them, the courts enjoined the use of the money, and the ferocity of the opposition frightened the troops, so that the Governor foresaw a war of races if he persisted. He applied to the national Executive, which for various reasons forbore to interfere. Mr. Bruce says what all men know, that there can be peace and good order in the Southern States only by the fullest recognition of the equal rights of all. And all men know, also, that the constant and systematic outrage of those rights does not proceed from Republicans.

Democratic organs and orators must devise some other policy upon the Southern question than the stale and stupid cry that the Republicans hope to carry the election by waving the bloody shirt and preaching a gospel of hate. It is not Republican preaching, it is the Democratic practice of hate, which makes the trouble. The country sees that the Democratic party has made a close alliance with the late rebel element in every State and in Congress, but it looks in vain to see that it condemns or even recognizes the gross wrongs that are done to the new citizens in the Southern States. The words of Mr. Bruce should be heeded by the country, for they have the intrinsic evidence of truth. "The unanimity with which the colored voters act with a party is not referable to any race prejudice upon their part. On the contrary, they invite the political co-operation of their white brethren, *and vote as a unit because proscribed as such.*" The questions before the country are reform, the currency, and the South. The Democratic party is plainly not one of reform or of hard money, and it is the party of oppression at the South. Is it any wonder that its most experienced leader says, less than three months before it nominates a candidate for the Presidency, that it has not gained the confidence of the country?

THE POST-OFFICE.

Senator Hamlin, in his speech upon the proposed rate of postage for third-class mail matter, frankly confessed that when he voted last year to increase the rate upon that class, he did not know, or had forgotten, that it embraced transient newspapers and magazines. This was a remarkable statement for the chairman of the Post-office Committee, but we have no doubt that the rough handling he has received for that action has led him to inform himself more accurately upon the subject. Mr. Hamlin wishes that the department should be self-sustaining, and is willing that merchandise should be carried in the mails if it pays the cost of transportation. He sees, we hope—at least he ought to see—that the trouble lies in the transport of merchandise. The object of the postal system is not revenue, but the conveyance of letters and intelligence. This principle, if borne steadily in mind, will enable a committee to find a remedy for the growing deficit. The figures, as stated by Mr. Hamlin, show that letters now produce a surplus of four or five millions of dollars, and that newspapers and magazines are carried at a loss of about seven millions. The actual loss upon letters and intelligence is between two and three millions. Viewing that sum as a tax, it is one of the most productive and reasonable and willing taxes paid by the people. There is none which brings to so many persons so direct and valuable an advantage. There is none which they could so ill spare.

It is foolish for any Senator to say that he does not care a fig for the newspapers. He ought to care a great deal for them. He ought to understand that newspapers can and do discuss questions of revenue as unselfishly as Senators. They make mistakes, indeed, and sometimes misrepresent motives and conduct, but close observation discovers that even Senators do the same. There is no Senatorial breath so ill spent as that in denunciation of the press. The abolition of the franking privilege, Senator Hamlin says, was carried by the clamor of the press. Yet he voted for it, and showed by so doing, according to his own statement, that he cared so much more than a fig for the press that he yielded to its mere clamor. He heeded the press, and he would have done right had he yielded to its argument instead of its noise. The press had the reason of the argument upon the subject. It is not less reasonable now in insisting that the deficit of the Post-office shall be remedied in some other way than by imposing a higher tax upon intelligence.

Senator Hamlin's plan of a fourth class

of mail matter, to be composed of merchandise, to be carried at reasonable rates and within reasonable limits, is a judicious and reasonable plan. We do not believe that he will find the dreadful "press" clamorous against it, although his committee would not adopt it. The reasons for carrying intelligence even at some loss are not reasons for carrying hammers and rattlesnakes at a loss. But the Senator should abandon the idea that he is fighting the newspapers in urging such a plan. Nor in raising the rates was he fighting the newspapers. He was fighting the people. They want letters and intelligence carried at low rates, and the outlay for the carriage they will willingly pay. Mr. HAMLIN said that he would make those who receive the benefit of the department pay for it. Why, then, is he sorry that he voted to increase the transient rates? The clerk who sends his newspaper to his mother in the country has the benefit of the department, and the Senator would make him pay the full cost of carriage. He is at odds with the people. They would make the burden general. And they are wiser and more patriotic in that view than the Senator.

NOMINATING ELECTIONS.

MR. PARTON suggests another method by which the people may recover control of the selection of candidates for office. At present a few interested managers who can spare the time, and who have in the public service the organization to control the preliminary measures, make up an alternative from which the voters choose. Mr. J. P. QUINCY'S plan of a gazette, in which the natural leaders of opinion and action in a community should nominate candidates, we have already mentioned. Mr. PARTON'S is equally simple. It is merely nomination by the whole body of voters at the usual voting places, four or five months before an election. Boxes are to be provided, with the usual officers and committees for both parties, and for independents, and the candidate of each party who receives the highest number of votes to be declared the candidate of the party. It is, in fact, a preliminary election without nomination. And it is in the statement of that fact that the objection and the difficulty for the proposed end may be seen. By Mr. PARTON'S plan the election would be mainly a formality, a ratification of the previous voting. Not, indeed, wholly so; but it would be substantially that. The nominating election would then become the real and vital point of interest. And what would happen? Under another form, very much what happens now. The gentlemen who "run the machine" would decide whom they wished to see nominated, and the machine would be run to secure the nomination by all the methods now familiar in practical politics.

Of course there would be some gain, but the indifference which now paralyzes many voters so that they will not even go to the polls on election day would keep them away from a nominating poll. And it is not quite true that the reason they do not now go to the polls is the consciousness that they can only decide upon an alternative made by some one else. It is the indifference, supplemented by the enormous growth of patronage, which has occasioned the alternative. Under Mr. PARTON'S system the power of the present managers would be somewhat reduced, indeed, but not destroyed; and his plan is open to the objection to which Mr. QUINCY'S also is exposed—that in order to adopt it, the power of these managers must be broken, which would be the very result that the plan seeks to accomplish. In other words, every change which is dependent upon law or elective officers can be accomplished only by defeating the professional politicians who now manage the primaries. But if that be so, why not find a remedy in destroying the special interest of that class in elections? This can be done also, we grant, only by breaking their power by a direct attack, that is to say, by carrying the nomination and election of candidates who are heartily in favor of a thorough reform. But it is as easy to do that as to make the nominating gazette or election effective, and it would have this great advantage, that when it was done, the root of the evil would be destroyed. Even if the gazette and the voting nomination were adopted, the vast and disturbing power of patronage would remain and interfere with the beneficial working of both schemes.

It seems to be conceded that the perplexing point of our politics is to prevent the management of party machinery by those who are called politicians. But what do we mean by "politicians?" and why do they take so peculiar an interest in politics? In general, by active politicians we mean that class of our fellow-citizens who regard the government as a system of offices which they either hold or would like to hold, and which they consider to be the proper possession of those who have worked for the party. Take away their selfish interest, and they would have no especial care for politics. They are not distinctively patriotic. They are not largely inspired by a desire to give time, labor, and money to the public welfare without any personal return except good government. They are, in the slang of the lobby, "on the make." Deprive them of the chance of "making" any thing, and they would not care to pack caucuses and carry conventions. For they would have lost their object. And so we come around again to the fundamental and searching reform, that of the system of appointments, the reform of the civil service.

We hear constantly of the "custom-house" management of elections, of the custom-house delegations, of the custom-house victory. Does it mean that the gentlemen who hold places in the customs service are especially interested in the public welfare, in promoting economy and intelligence of administration, in raising the standard and purifying the tone of the government? Or, to put it in another form, if every gentleman in the custom-house, whatever his position, knew that it did not depend in the slightest degree upon his activity as a politician—that it depended upon precisely the same integrity, industry, intelligence, and efficiency which would secure it in a railroad office, or a bank, or a business house—would the most of them take any other interest in a caucus than their neighbors? "Custom-house control" means the management of nominations by the officers of the government and not by the mass of the voters. We grant that those who are most interested in affairs will naturally control them, and we respect the right of every American citizen to a share in political action. But we say that the interest of the custom-house in politics is an illicit interest; it is a selfish and personal interest, and we would make it a normal and equal interest with that of other citizens by eliminating the selfish element. This can be accomplished only by the radical American political remedy—the appeal of reason to the public intelligence, showing that the root of the mischief is a purely partisan civil service.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE information upon which we recently stated that Mount Vernon was in a sad state of decay, we are assured by the highest authority, is incorrect. Our impression, however, we observe by the newspapers, has been very universal, and we are therefore especially glad to be able to state the exact situation, as described to us by the Regent of the Mount Vernon Association, Mrs. BERGHMANS, of Pennsylvania, who naturally feels that what we said was unjust to the Association, which has done all that its means have allowed to stay the decay that we unwittingly exaggerated. The price paid for the estate, comprising the dwelling-house and two hundred acres of land, was two hundred thousand dollars. The land is poor, but a large part of it is under cultivation. The profits, however, from the sale of grain, fruits, and other products are very small, when the expenses of feeding the cattle and other outlays are deducted. There has been no endowment fund, and the expenses of keeping the place in repair have been defrayed by such receipts as were practicable. These were made up of contributions secured by the Regent and Vice-Regents in the different States, and of the interest on a surplus of a few hundred dollars beyond the amount of the purchase-money.

The place was in the most wretched condition when it was delivered to the Association, and the war immediately followed. The steamboat of the Association which conveyed visitors from Washington was taken by the government, and land travel was virtually stopped, so that there was really no revenue whatever. The Association appealed to Congress for indemnification of the loss occasioned by the removal of the boat, and Congress appropriated seven thousand dollars. This sum was expended entirely under the direction of General MICHLER, who was then serving as Commissioner of Public Buildings, and no money passed through the hands of any officer of the Association. Many of the columns of the front portico were restored, the colonnades that were in ruins were rebuilt, many parts of the interior were repainted, and the side porch is now in process of rebuilding. The Vice-Regent of Wisconsin, Mrs. MITCHELL, is now renewing at her own expense the lodges and gates. Many of the officers have made large contributions of money and antique furniture, and ladies of New York and Albany have generously resolved to repair the balustrade on the river front. Last summer it was found that the old barn built by WASHINGTON required repairs to the amount of a thousand dollars, and all the ladies present at the meeting pledged themselves to raise fifty dollars each in their several States. The management of the Association has thus far succeeded in keeping it out of debt, and in preventing Mount Vernon from becoming a ruin. Its present objects are two—first, to furnish the home with appropriate old furniture, for which purpose the different bedrooms have been made the care of the ladies representing the old thirteen States; and second, to raise an endowment fund for current expenses and repairs.

Various subscriptions, including six hundred dollars from the MARTHA WASHINGTON Tea Party last spring in Baltimore, and two thousand dollars from a Washington ball in Ohio, and eight hundred dollars from Richmond, Virginia, make the present amount of the endowment fund something more than seven thousand dollars, which is invested in government securities, in charge of Mr. GEORGE W. RIGGS, the treasurer. There is also a small current receipt from a payment of twenty-five cents on the fare of each passenger from Washington by the steamer, to which, upon that condition, the use of the wharf at Mount Vernon has been leased. Any implication, therefore, that the Association has not been diligent, or that it has suffered the estate to fall into decay through the carelessness of the officers, is as unjust as certainly in our own case it was unintentional. So far as we can ascertain, a difficult trust has been faithfully discharged, and a generous response to the appeal of the association would maintain in becoming order one of the most interesting and patriotic monuments in the country.

PERSONAL.

ORATORY and wit, according to a leading literary journal of London, appear to be dying out in the House of Lords. They are not intolerant of jokes, but, like other intelligent people, rather like them. Therefore whenever Dr. MAGEE, Bishop of Peterborough, is on his feet, "they rush in to hear the Irish prelate with an English see, the only bishop who can be amusing, and who, if he were in the House of Commons, would rise to power by his tongue. Nobody, unless it be Lord ROSEBERY, when the House will give him time, and he knows his subject, and he does not particularly want to win, ever makes a truly jesting speech; and on most evenings in the Lords the speaking is as little amusing as the speaking in a Synod, where, when a laugh is heard, men *look* the text about 'the crackling of thorns.'" The writer adds, "Perhaps if Lord DUFFERIN should be lucky enough to have contracted a little healthy vulgarity in Canada, just enough to give his genuine humor a trace more of the full SHERIDAN flavor, he might step into the vacant niche, for he has knowledge as well as humor, fire as well as fun."

—The will of Lord AMBERLEY, making a Mr. SPALDING guardian over his young children, with power to appoint his own substitute or successor, has been practically set aside. An opinion was procured from eminent counsel that a testamentary disposition consigning the children to a freethinking guardian was void—void because he was a freethinker. Upon this Mr. SPALDING gave way, and the children are now with their grandfather, Earl RUSSELL.

—A gentleman of Auburn has added $30,000 to the munificent gift of the late JAMES S. SEYMOUR for the establishment of a public library in that city.

—Mr. R. S. SPOFFORD sometimes relieves his mind with a pun, and a few days since, on hearing a lady say she could do better without her Bible than her copy of Shakspeare, he inquired, "Where do you expect to go when you die?" On her reply, "To a cemetery," he exclaimed, promptly, "You will go to that burn whence no traveler returns."

—Apropos of the late Lord LYTTON'S novel of *Pausanias*, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS, the London *Athenæum* prints an extract from a letter addressed by the author to Mr. RICHARD BENTLEY, dated Knebworth, October 6, 1850, which has a special interest just now that *Pausanias* is before the public. It was written at a time when BULWER was wavering between an English subject, with STRAFFORD for the hero, and *Pausanias*, on which he finally determined. He says: "I feel sure I could make a very powerful and effective tale, full of original and striking matter in scene, plot, and character....The gorgeous life of the Mede and Persian, contrasting with the severe manners of the Spartan, I could make very interesting. Then I have such good incidents—a murder; the ancient necromancy, or raising of the dead; the vast conspiracy among the Helots, which the Regent of Sparta (my hero) secretly headed, and which, if successful, would have shaken all Greece; and a final catastrophe of great terror, in which PAUSANIAS is walled up alive in the temple in which he took refuge, his own mother bringing the first stone. There are other characters, too, in which all would take interest—the great CIMON in his youth; ARISTIDES, equally just and profound; the prodigious wisdom and vigor of THEMISTOCLES."

—The *Jewish Times*, of this city, states that in 1711, when the Rev. Dr. VESEY, rector of Trinity Church, New York, requested contributions from the citizens to aid in the completion of the steeple, the few Jewish families then resident here made up an amount, which they sent to him. This amount Dr. VESEY entered upon the church record under the head of "The Jews' Contributions," giving the name of each contributor.

—Mrs. HOLBROOK, widow of the late proprietor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, has succeeded to the proprietorship of that paper. She is better known by her *nom de plume* of "Pearl Rivers." Mr. GEORGE NICHOLSON, who for twenty-five years has been with the *Picayune*, takes the general business management, and Mr. GEORGE W. LLOYD the managing editorship, of the paper.

—People will have their little waggery about Mr. FERNANDO WOOD. This is the latest. "How are you, doctor?" observed an old political enemy of Mr. WOOD to Dr. SAYRE the other day, who had just returned from Washington, where he performed a very difficult operation upon Mr. WOOD'S throat. "Pretty well, pretty well, my good friend," responded the doctor. "What fee did you charge FERNANDO for cutting his throat?" "About a thousand dollars," answered the son of ÆSCULAPIUS. "A thousand dollars!" ejaculated FERNANDO'S old enemy; "I know a dozen fellows in town who would be glad to cut his throat for fifty cents;" and he smiled a sardonic smile and moved on.

—In the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, occurs the following, taken from one of his familiar letters, which shows with what facility he could break down his prose into rhyme. Writing from the House of Commons smoking-room, July 23, 1832, he says: "Reject not my letter, though it is redolent of cigars and genuine pigtail, for this is the room—

"The room—but I think I'll describe it in rhyme—
That smells of tobacco and chloride of lime.
The smell of tobacco was always the same,
But the chloride was brought since the cholera came."

—Mr. WILLIAM ASTOR has purchased, at Jacksonville, Florida, property for a winter residence. During the past winter he has made a present to the hospital, given $5000 to the Episcopal church, and made other donations to the extent of $2000.

—The great Irish brewers and distillers come out strong as endowers. The late Sir B. GUINNESS gave $750,000 for St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; Mr. ROE, a distiller, followed with the restoration of the other Protestant cathedral in Dublin; and recently, in Cork, Mr. WISE, another distiller, has given $100,000, and Mr. CRAWFORD, a brewer, $50,000, to restore the Protestant cathedral in that diocese.

—An author contemporary with Mr. JOHN FORSTER throughout his whole career, and well acquainted with most of the famous men in whose circle the great biographer moved, remarks as follows upon the good fortune which in so many instances attended upon Mr. FORSTER'S close friendship with eminent men of letters: "When his friend ALBANY FONBLANQUE gave up the active editorship of the *Examiner*, the nearest and most natural successor was JOHN FORSTER; when his friend CHARLES DICKENS retired from the chair of the *Daily News*, at his elbow stood the very able and well-practiced JOHN FORSTER to drop into the seat; his friend the late "Barry Cornwall" having received the appointment of a Commissioner in Lunacy, the secretaryship was speedily conferred upon JOHN FORSTER, who also, on the retirement of Mr. PROCTER, dropped softly into the commissionership itself at £1400 a year; and finally, from the intimate relations of an executor to a wealthy publisher, who had withdrawn from business with a fortune of £40,000, it seemed quite a natural and graceful thing that JOHN FORSTER should become the husband of the widow."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, on the 3d, passed the bill amending the Bankrupt Law, the object being to put an end to the discordant decisions that have made the law one thing in one district and another in another. The House, on motion of Mr. Page, of California, passed a resolution in regard to the large number of Chinese immigrants to California under labor contracts, and requesting the President to enter into negotiations with the Chinese government for such a modification of the treaty as to make it a treaty of commerce only. The Senate special committee on Mississippi affairs was announced, on the 4th, to consist of Messrs. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Cameron, of Wisconsin; Oglesby, of Illinois; Bayard, of Delaware; and M'Donald, of Indiana. The impeachment managers on the part of the House appeared in the Senate, on the 4th, and formally presented articles of impeachment against ex-Secretary Belknap. On the 5th, the Senate organized as a High Court of Impeachment, and, after being sworn by Chief Justice Waite, adjourned until the 17th. In the House, on the 4th, Mr. Swann reported a bill providing for the return of the Japanese indemnity fund, which was made the special order of the 27th.

The Connecticut State election, held on the 3d, resulted in a Democratic victory. The returns from nearly every town in the State make the total vote 98,645, of which Robinson (Republican) has 43,621; Ingersoll (Democrat), 51,145; Smith (Temperance), 1905; and Atwater (Greenback), 1974. The Senate stands 18 Democrats to 3 Republicans; and the House, 160 Democrats, 54 Republicans, and 2 Independents. The Democratic majority on a joint ballot is 89, against 42 last year.

The Rhode Island State election, held on the 5th, resulted, as it did the previous year, in throwing the choice for Governor into the hands of the Legislature, there being no choice by the people. Lippit (Republican) received 8357 votes; Beach (Democrat), 3602; and Howard (Prohibitionist), 6385.

Twenty-five persons attended the Ohio Greenback Convention at Columbus on the 6th. Resolutions were adopted, and delegates appointed to the National Convention.

Thirty tons of powder exploded in Salt Lake City on the 5th, killing several persons and wounding many others. An immense amount of glass was broken throughout the city—it is supposed upward of fifty thousand dollars' worth.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Russian press severely criticises Mr. Disraeli's recent remarks in the House of Commons, during the debates on the Royal Titles Bill, to the effect that "Russia's conquest of Tartary is well known throughout India, and the Queen's assumption of the title of Empress of India would be received as a sign of our determination to maintain our Indian Empire."

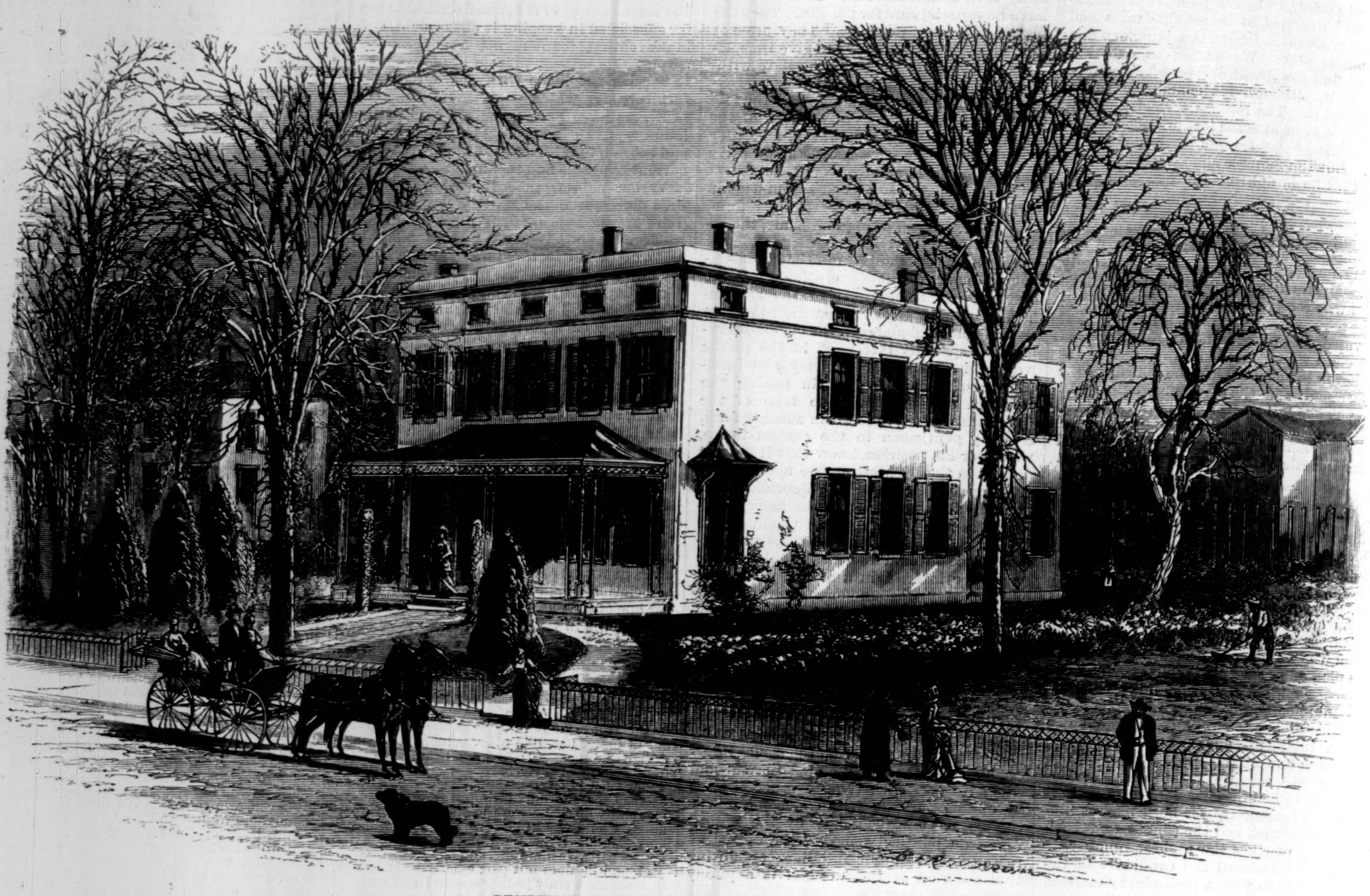
The French newspaper *La République Française* says the majority of the Assembly intends to put an end to clerical agitation, and confine the priest to his proper sphere—his church—and will inflexibly repress any encroachments, whether open or disguised.

The Mexican revolutionists, under General Diaz, captured the city of Matamoras on the morning of the 2d without firing a gun. All the government troops in the vicinity either surrendered or joined the enemy.

The French Senate, on the 3d, without debate, unanimously adopted the bill raising the state of siege.

On the 5th inst. an overladen ferry-boat on the River Dee, at Aberdeen, in Scotland, was swamped, and thirty-two passengers were drowned.

The insurgent leaders in Herzegovina have informed Baron Rodich of the conditions on which they will lay down their arms. Their terms include the withdrawal of all the Turkish troops except six small garrisons, which shall be placed under the supervision of Russian and Austrian inspectors. They also require the disarmament of the Mohammedans and guarantees from the powers. Baron Rodich demanded that the insurgents should disarm as a preliminary condition. This the chiefs refused to do, and the conference was broken up.



RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH COMMISSIONERS.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,
AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DIGNITY OF THE FAMILY.

IF Grace had only staid five minutes longer in the place where she was when the fat man came in sight, her eyes and heart would have been delighted by the appearance of a true old friend. But she felt so much terror of that stout person, who always seemed to be watching her afar, that in spite of the extraordinary interest aroused by some of her companion's words, as well as by his manner, she could not help running away abruptly, and taking shelter in the little bowered cottage.

Meanwhile the stout man in the white frock-coat slouched along the furzy valley with a clownish step. He carried a long pig whip, and now and then indulged in a crack or flick at some imaginary pig, while a crafty grin, or a wink of one little eye, enlivened his heavy countenance. He was clearly aware of all that had been happening in the wood above him, for the buds as yet rather served to guide the lines of sight than to baffle them; but he showed no desire to interfere, for instead of taking the cross-path, which would have brought him face to face with Kit, he kept down the glade toward the timber track, which led in another direction. By the side of the little brook he turned the corner of a thick holly bush, and suddenly met his brother, Master Zachary Cripps, the carrier.

The carrier was in no pleasant mood; his eyes were stern and steadfast, and the color of his healthy cheeks was deepened into crimson. He bore with a bent arm and set muscle the sceptral whip of the family, bound with spiral brass, and newly fitted with a heavy lash. Moreover, he had come with his Sunday hat on, and his air and walk were menacing. Leviticus started and turned pale, and his cunning eyes glanced for a chance of escape.

"Thou goest not hence, brother Tickuss," said Cripps, "until thou has answered what I shall ax, and answered with thine eyes on mine."

"Ax away," said the pig man, sprawling out his fat legs, as if he did not care—"ax away, so long as it be of thy own consarns."

"It is of my own consarns to keep my father's sons from being rogues and liars, and getting into Oxford jail, and into the hands of the hangman."

Leviticus trembled, with fear more than anger. "Thou always was foul-mouthed," he muttered.

"It is a lie!" shouted Zachary; "as big a lie as ever thou spakst! I always were that clean of tongue—no odds for that now. Wilt answer me, or wilt not? Thou liedst to me in Oxford streets the last time as I spake to thee."

"Well, well, maybe a small piece I did; but nothing to lay hold on much. Brother Zac, thou must not be so hard. What man can be always arkerate?"

"A man can spake the truth if he gooeth to try, or else a' must be a fule. And, Tickuss, thou wast always more rogue than fule. And now here am I, to ax thee spashal what roguery thou beest up to now? Whom hast thou got at the cottage in the wood?"

"Thou'd best way go up, then, and see for thyzell. A old lady from Amerikay as wanteth to retaire frout the world. Won't her zend thee a-running down the hill? Ah! and I'd like to see thee, Zac. Her'd lay thy own whip about thee; and her tongue be worse nor a dozen whips."

Really, while Tickuss was telling this lie, he managed to look at his brother so firmly, in the rally of impudence brought to bay, that Zac for the moment (in spite of all experience) believed him. And the carrier dreaded—as the lord of swine knew well—nothing so much as a fierce woman's tongue.

"What be the reason, then," he went on, still keeping his eyes on the face of Tickuss, "that thou hast been keeping thyself and thy pigs out o' market, and even thy waife and children to home, same as if 'em had gotten the plague? And what be the reason, Leviticus Cripps, that thou fearest to go to a wholesome public-house and have thy pint of ale, and see thy neighbors, as behooveth a God-fearing man? To my mind, either thou art gone daft, and the woman should take the lead o' thee, or else thou art screwed out of honest ways."

The carrier now looked at his brother with more of pity than suspicion. Tickuss had always been regarded as the weak member of the family, because he laid on more fat than muscle, even in the time of most active growth. And to keep him regularly straight was more than all the set efforts of the brotherhood could, even when he was young, effect. Therefore Zac stood back some little, and the butt of his whip fell down to earth. Leviticus saw his chance, and seized it.

"Consarning of going to public-house, I would never be too particular. A man may do it, or a man may not, according to manner of his things at home, or his own little brew, or the temper of his wife. I would not blame him, nor yet praise him, for things as he knoweth best about. To make light of a man for not going to public is the same as to blame him for stopping from church. A man as careth for good opinion goeth to both, but a' can not always do it. And I ain't a' been in church now for more nor a week of Sundays."

The force of this reasoning came home to Cripps. If a man was unable to go to church, there was good room for arguing that his duty toward the public-house must not be too rigidly exacted. Zachary therefore fetched a sigh. None of the race had broken up at so early an age as that of Tickuss. But still, from his own sad experience, the carrier knew what pigs were; and he thought that his brother, though younger than himself, might be called away before him.

"Tickuss," he said, "I may a' been too hard. Nobody knows but them that has to do it what the worrit of the roads is. I may a' said a word here and there too much, and a bit outside the Gospel. According to they a man must believe a liar, and forgive 'un, and forgive 'un over and over again, the same as I tries to forgive you, Tickuss."

Zachary offered his hand to his brother, but Leviticus was ashamed to take it. With the load now weighing upon his mind, and the sense in his heart of what Zachary was, Tickuss—whatever his roguery was—could not make believe to have none of it. So he turned away, with his feelings hurt too much for the clasp fraternal.

"When a man hath no more respect for hiszell," he muttered over his puckered shoulder, "and no more respect for his father and mother avore 'un, than to call his very next brother but one a rogue and a liar, and a schemer against publics, to my mind he have gone too far, and not shown the manners relied upon."

"Very well," replied Cripps; "just as you like, Tickuss; though I never did hear as I were short of manners, and there's twelve mailes of road as knows better than that. Now, since you go on like that, and there seemeth no chance of supper 'long of 'ee, I shall just walk up to cottage, and ax any orders for the carrier. Good-evening, brother Tickuss."

With these words Zac set off, and Tickuss repented sadly of the evil temper which had forbidden him to shake hands. But now to oppose the carrier's purpose would be a little too suspicious. He must go his way and take his chance; he was worse than a pig when his mind was made up.

"Go thy way, and be danged to thee!" thought Leviticus, looking after him. "Little thou wilt take, however, but to knock thy thick head again a wall. Our lady looketh out too sharp for any of they danged old Beckley carcasses. Come thee down to our ouze," he shouted in irony after his brother, "and tell us the noos thou hast picked up, and what 'em be doing in Amerikay! A vine time o' life for thee to turn spy!"

It was lucky for him that he made off briskly among thick brush-wood and unknown swamps, for Zachary Cripps at the last word turned round, with his face of a fine plum-color, and a stamp of rage which made his stiff knees tingle worse than a dozen turnpikes.

"Spy, didst thou say?" he shouted, staring with his honest, wrathful eyes through every glimpse of thicket near the spot where his brother had disappeared—"Spy! if thou beest a man, come out and say it again to the face of me. I'll show thee how to spell 'spy' pretty quick. Leviticus Cripps, thou art a coward to the back of a thief and a sneaking skulk, unless thou comest out of they thick places to stand to the word thou hast spoken!"

Zachary stood in a wide bay of copse, and he knew that his voice went through the wood, for he spoke with the whole power of his lungs; and the tender leaves above him quivered like a little breath of fringe, and the birds flew out of their ivy castles, and a piece of barefaced rock in the distance answered him—but nothing else.

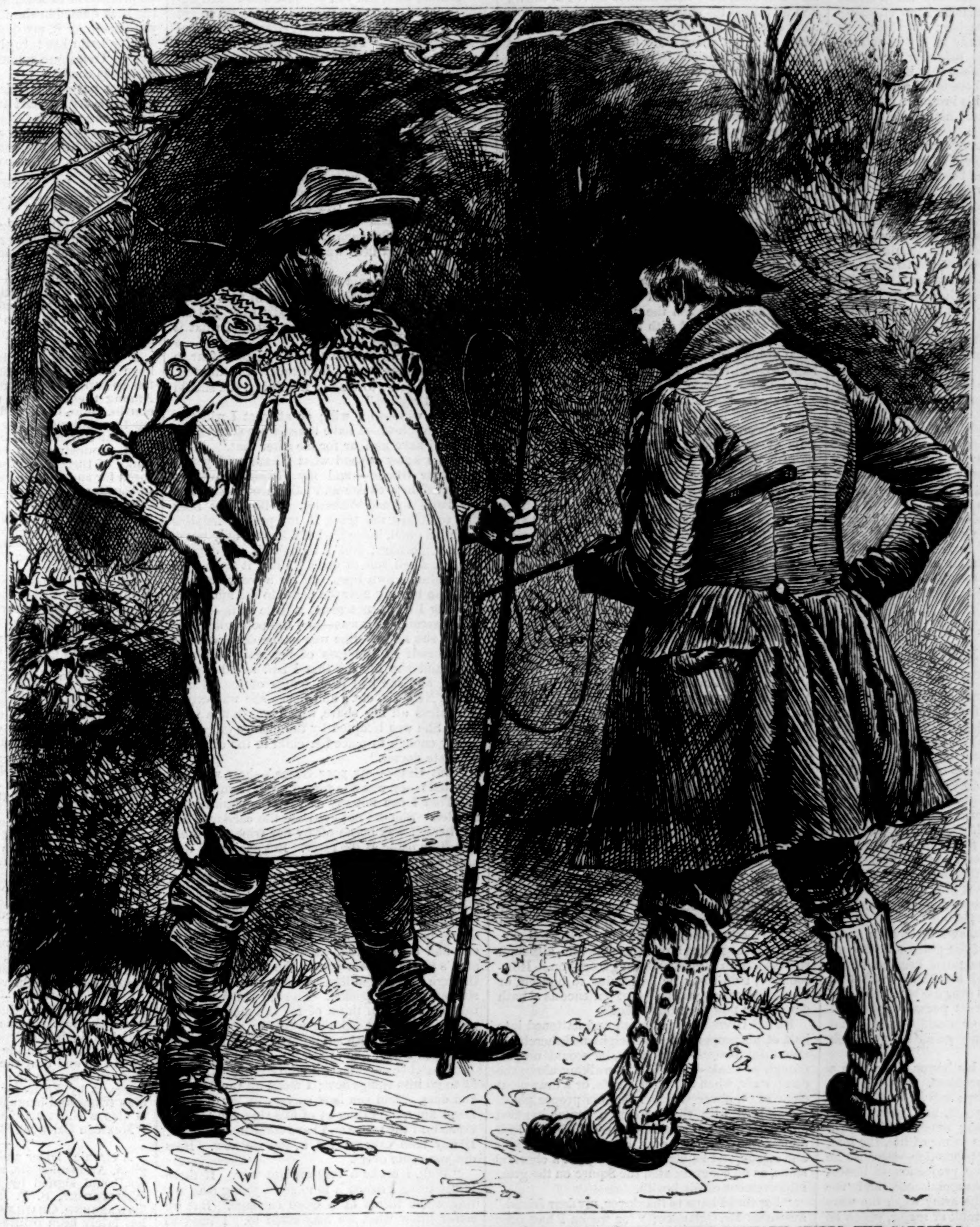
"Thou art a bigger man than I be," shouted the carrier, being carried beyond himself by the state of things; "come out if thou art a man, and hast any blood of Cripps in thee." But this appeal received no answer except from the quiet rock again and a peaceful thrush sitting over his nest, and well accustomed to the woodman's call.

Zachary had always felt scorn of Tickuss, but now he almost disdained himself for springing of one wedlock with him. He stood in the place where he must be seen if Tickuss wished to see him, until he was quite sure that no such longing existed on his brother's part. Then the family seemed to be lowered so by this behavior of a leading member, that when the carrier moved his legs he had not the spirit to crack his whip.

"What shall us do? Whatever shall us do?" he said to himself, more reasonably, with the anger dying out of his kind blue eyes. "A' hath insulted of me, but a' hath a big family of little 'uns to kape up. I harn't had no knowledge how that zort o' thing may drive a man out of his proper ways. Like enough it maketh them careful to tell lies, and shun the thrashing."

Taking this view of the case, Master Cripps turned away from the path toward his brother's house, to which, in the flush of first anger, he meant to go, and then to wait for him; and being rather slow of resolution, he naturally set forth again on the track of the one last interrupted. He would go to this cottage in the wood of which he had heard through one of his washer-women—though none of them had any washing thence—and then he would satisfy his own mind concerning an ugly rumor which had unsettled that mind since Tuesday. For in his own hearing it had been said—by a woman, it is true, but still a woman who came of a truthful family, and was married now into the like—that Master Leviticus Cripps was harboring pirates and conspirators, believed to have come from America, in a little place out of the way of all honest people, where the deaf old woman was. Nobody ever had leave to the house; never a butcher, nor baker, nor tea-grocer, nor a milkman, nor even a respectable washer-woman—there was nothing except a great dog to rush out and bite without even barking.

Zachary had no easy task to find the little cottage of which he had heard, for it lay well back from all thoroughfares, and so imbedded among ivied trees, that he passed and repassed several times before he descried it; and even then he would not have done so if it had not chanced that Miss Patch, who loved good things when she could get them, was about to dine on a juicy roaster supplied by the wary Leviticus. Grace herself had prepared the currant sauce before she went forth for her daily walk, and deaf old Margery



"HE TURNED THE CORNER OF A THICK HOLLY BUSH, AND SUDDENLY MET HIS BROTHER, MASTER ZACHARY CRIPPS, THE CARRIER."

Daw was stooping over the fierce wood fire on the ground and basting with a short iron spoon. The double result was a wreath of blue smoke rising from the crooked chimney and a very rich odor streaming forth from door and window on the vernal air. The eyes and the nose of the carrier at once presented him with clear impressions.

"Amerikayans understands good living." Giving utterance to this profound and incontrovertible reflection, Cripps came to a halt and sagely considered the situation. The first thing he asked, as usual, was, "How would the law of the land lie?" Here was a lonely, unprotected cottage, inhabited by an elderly foreign lady who especially sought retirement. Had he any legal right to insist on knowing who she was, and all about her? Would he not rather be a trespasser, and liable to a fine, and perhaps the jail, if he forced himself in without invitation, and willfully against the inhabitants' wish? And even if that came to nothing—as it might—could he say that it was a manly and straightforward action on his part? He had no enemy that he knew of, unless it was Black George, the poacher; but there were always plenty of people ready to say ill-natured things about a prosperous neighbor; and like enough they would set it afoot that he had gone spying on a helpless lady, because she had never employed him. And then his brother's reproach, which had so fiercely aroused him, came back to his mind.

Neither was it wholly absent from his thoughts that a great dog was said to reside on these premises, whose manner was the peculiarly unattractive one of rushing out to bite without a bark. The carrier had suffered in his time from dogs, as was natural to his calling; and, although his flesh was so wholesome that the result had never been serious, he was conscious of a definite desire to defer all increase of experience in that line.

"Spy!" he exclaimed, as he sat down rather to rest his stiff knee than to watch the hut. "That never hath been said of me, and never shall without a lie. But one on 'em might come out, maybaps, and give me some zatisfaction."

Before his words were cool Miss Patch herself appeared in the doorway. She saw not Cripps, who had happened to put himself in a knowing corner; and being in a quietly savage mood (from desire of pig and dread that stupid old Margery was murdering pig, by revolving him too near the fire), she cast such a glance at the young leaves around her as seemed enough to nip them in the bud. Then she threw away something with a scornful sweep, and Cripps believed almost every word his brother had been saying.

"I'll be blessed if I don't scuttle off," he said to himself and the moss he was sitting on. "In my time I have a-seen all zorts of womans, but none to come nigh this sample as be come over from Amerikay! Sarveth me right for coorosity. Amend me if ever I come a-nigh of any Amerikayans again!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A TOMBSTONE.

ARE there any who do not quicken to the impulse of young life lifted free of long repression and the dread of dull relapse? Can we find a man or woman (holding almost any age) able to come out and meet the challenge of the sun, conveyed in cartel of white clouds of May, and yet to stick to private sense of sulky wrongs and brooding hate?

If we could find such a man or woman (by great waste of labor, in a search ungracious), and if it should seem worth while to attempt to cure the case, scarcely any thing could be thought of leading more directly toward the end in view than to fetch that person, and plant him or her, without a word of explanation, among the flower beds on the little lawn of Beckley Barton.

The flowers themselves, and their open eyes, and the sparkling smile of the grass, and the untold commerce of the freighted bees, and rich voluntaries of thrush and blackbird (ruffled to the throat with song), and over the whole the soft flow of sunshine, like a vast pervasive river of gold, with silver wave of clouds—who could dwell on petty aches and pains among such grandeur?

The old Squire sat in his bower chair with a warm cloak over his shoulders. His age was threescore and ten this day; and he looked back through the length of years, and marveled at their fleeting. The stirring times of his youth, and the daily perils of his prime of life, the long hard battle, and the slow promotion—because he had given offense by some projection of honest opinion—the heavy disappointment, and the forced retirement from the army when the wars were over, with only the rank of major, which he preferred to sink in squire—because he ought to have been, according to his own view of the matter, a good lieutenant-general—and then a very short golden age of five years and a quarter, from his wedding-day to the death of his wife, a single and sweet hearted wife—and after that (as sorrow sank into the soothing breast of time) the soft and gentle and undreamed-of step of comfort, coming almost faster than was welcome, while his little daughter grew.

After that the old man tried to think no more, but be content. To let the little scenes of dancing, and of asking, and of listening, and of looking puzzled, and of waiting to know truly whether all was earnest—because already childhood had suspicion that these might be things intended to delude it—and of raising from the level of papa's well-buttoned pocket clear bright eyes that did not know a guinea from a half-penny; and then, with the very extraordinary spring from the elasticity of certain parts (which happily departs right early), the jumping into opened arms, and the laying on of little lips, and the murmurs of delighted love—to let his recollections of all these die out, and to do without them, was this old man's business now.

For he had been convinced at last—strange as it may seem, until we call to mind how the strongest convictions are produced by the weakest logic—at last he could no longer hope to see his Grace again, because he had beheld her tombstone. Having made up his mind to go to church that very Sunday morning, in spite of all Widow Hookham could do to stop him, he had spied a new stone in the corner sacred to the family of Oglander. The old man went up to see what it was, and nobody liked to follow him. And nobody was surprised that he did not show his white head at the chancel door, though the parson waited five minutes for him, being exceeding loath to waste ten lines, which he had interlarded into a sermon of thirty years back, for the present sad occasion.

For the old Squire sat on his grandfather's tombstone (a tabular piece of memorial, suited to a hospitable man, where all his descendants might sit around and have their dinners served to them), and he leaned his shaven chin on the head of his stout oak staff, and he took off his hat and let his white hair fall about. He fixed his still bright eyes on the tombstone of his daughter, and tried to fasten his mind there also, and to make out how old she was. He was angry with himself for not being able to tell to a day without thinking; but days and years and thoughts and doings of quiet love quite slipping by, and spreading without ruffle, had left him little to lay hold of as a knotted record. Therefore he sat with his chin on his stick, and had no sense of church time, until the choir (which comprised seven Crippses) bellowed out an anthem which must have shaken their grandfathers in their graves, unless in their time they had done the same.

In this great uproar and applause, which always traveled for half a mile, the Squire had made his escape from the grave-yard; and then he had gone home without a word and eaten his dinner, because he must when the due time came for it. And now, being filled with substantial faith that his household was nicely enjoying itself, he was come to his bower to think and wonder, and perhaps by-and-by to fall fast asleep, but never awake to bright hope again.

To this relief and mild incline of gentle age his head was bowing and his white hair settling down, according as the sun or wind or clouds or time of day desired, when some one darkened half his light, and there stood Mary Hookham.

Mary had the newest of all new spring fashions on her head and breast and waist and every where. A truly spirited girl was she, as well as a very handy one; and she never thought twice of a sixpence or shilling if a soiled paper pattern could be had for it. And now she was busy with half a guinea, kindly beginning to form its impress on her moist hard-working palm.

"He have had a time of it!" she exclaimed, as her master began to gaze around. "Oh my, what a time of it he have had!"

"Mary, I suppose you are talking of me. Yes, I have had a bad time, on the whole. But many people have had far worse."

"Yes, Sir. And will you see one who hath? As fine a young gentleman as ever lived; so ready to speak up for every body, and walking like a statute. It give me such a turn! I do believe you never would know him, Sir, without his name come in with him. Squire Overshute, Sir, if you please, requesteth the honor of seeing of you."

"Mary, I am hardly fit for it. I was doing my best to sit quite quiet, and try to think of things. I am not as I was yesterday, or even as I was this morning. But if I ought to see him, why, I will. And perhaps I ought, no doubt, when I come to think of things. The poor young man has been very ill. To be sure; I remember all about it. Show him where I am at once. What a sad thing for his mother! His mother is a wonderful clever woman, of the soundest views in politics."

"His mother be dead, Sir; I had better tell you, for fear of begetting any trifles with him, although we was told to keep such things from you. Howsomever, I do think he be coming to himself, or he would not have fallen out of patience as a' hath done; and now here he be, Sir."

Russel Overshute, narrowed and flattened into half of his proper size, and heightened thereby to unnatural stature—for stoop he would not, although so weak—here he was walking along the damp walk, when a bed, or a sofa, or a drawn-out chair at Shotover Grange, was his proper place. He walked with the help of a crutch-handled stick, and his deep mourning dress made him look almost ghastly. His eyes, however, were bright and steady, and he made an attempt at a cheerful smile, as he congratulated the Squire on the great improvement of his health.

"For that I have to thank you, my dear friend," answered Mr. Oglander; "for weeks I had been helpless, till I helped myself; I mean, of course, by the great blessing of the Lord. But of your sad troubles, whatever shall I say—"

"My dear Sir, say nothing, if you please; I can not bear as yet to speak of them. I ought to be thankful that life is spared to me—doubtless for some good purpose. And I think I know what that purpose is, though now I am confident of nothing."

"Neither am I, Russel, neither am I," said the old man, observing how low his voice was, and speaking in a low sad voice himself. "I used to have confidence in the good-will and watchful care of the Almighty over all who trust in Him. But now there is something over there"—he pointed toward the church-yard—"which shows that we may carry such ideas to a foolish point. But I can not speak of it; say no more."

"I will own," replied Overshute, studying the Squire's downcast face, to see how far he might venture, "at one time I thought that you yourself carried such notions to a foolish length. That was before my illness. Now I most fully believe that you were quite right."

"Yes, I suppose that I was—so far as duty goes, and the parson's advice. But as for the result—where is it?"

"As yet we see none. But we very soon shall. Can you bear to hear something I want to say, and to listen to it attentively?"

"I believe that I can, Russel. There is nothing now that can disturb me very much."

"This will disturb you, my dear Sir, but in a very pleasant way, I hope. As sure as I stand and look at you here, and as sure as the Almighty looks down at us both, that grave in Beckley church-yard holds a gypsy woman, and no child of yours. Ah! I put it too abruptly, as I always do. But give me your arm, Sir, and walk a few steps. I am not very strong, any more than you are. But, please God, we will both get stronger as soon as our troubles begin to lift."

Each of them took the right course to get stronger, by putting forth his little strength to help and guide the other's steps.

"Russel, what did you say just now?" Mr. Oglander asked, when the pair had managed to get as far as another little bower, Grace's own, and there sat down. "I must have taken your meaning wrong. I am not so clear as I was, and often there is a noise inside my head."

"I told you, Sir, that I had proved for certain that your dear daughter has not been buried here—nor any where else, to my firm belief. Also I have found out and established (to my own most bitter cost) who it was that lies buried here, and of what terrible disease she died. As regards my own illness, I would go through it again—come what might come of it—for the sake of your darling Grace; but, alas! I have lost my own dear mother through this utterly fiendish plot—for such it is, I do believe. This poor girl buried here was the younger sister of Cinnaminta."

"Cinnaminta!" said the Squire, trying to arouse old memory. "Surely I have heard that name. But tell me all, Russel; for God's sake, tell me all, and how you came to find it out, and what it has to do with my lost pet."

"My dear Sir, if you tremble so I shall fear to tell you another word. Remember, it is all good, so far as it goes; instead of trembling, you should smile and rejoice."

"So I will—so I will; or at least I will try. There, now, look—I have taken a pinch of snuff; you need have no fear for me after that."

"All I know beyond what I have told you is that your Gracie—and my Gracie too—was driven off in a chaise and pair through the narrow lanes toward Wheatley. I have not been able to follow the track in my present helpless condition; and, indeed, what I know I only learned this morning; and I thought it my duty to come and tell you at once. I had it from poor Cinnaminta's own lips, who for a week or more had been lurking near the house to see me. This morning I could not resist a little walk—lonely and miserable as it was—and the poor thing told me all she knew. She was in the deepest affliction herself at the loss of her only surviving child, and she fancied that I had saved his life before, and she had deep pangs of ingratitude, and of Nemesis, etc.; and hence she was driven to confess all her share, which was but a little one. She was tempted by the chance of getting money enough to place her child in the care of a first-rate doctor."

"But Grace—my poor Grace!—how was she tempted?—or was she forced away from me?"

"That I can not say as yet; Cinnaminta had no idea. She did not even see the carriage; for she herself was borne off by her tribe, who were quite in a panic at the fever. But she heard that no violence was used, and there was a lady in the chaise; and poor Grace went quite readily, though she certainly did seem to sob a little. It was no elopement, Mr. Oglander, nor any thing at all of that kind. The poor girl believed that she was acting under your orders in all she did; just as she had believed that same when she left her aunt's house to meet you on the homeward road, through that forged letter, which, most unluckily, she put into her pocket. There, I believe I have told you all I can think of for the moment. Of course you will keep the whole to yourself, for we have to deal with subtle brutes. Is there any thing you would like to ask?"

"Russel Overshute," said the Squire, "I am not fit to go into things now; I mean all the little ins and outs. And you look so very ill, my dear fellow, I am quite ashamed of allowing you to talk. Come into the house and have some nourishment. If any man ever wanted it, you do now. How did you come over?"

"Well, I broke a very ancient vow. If there is any thing I detest it is to see a young man sitting alone inside of a close carriage. But we never know what we may come to. I tried to get up on my horse, but could not. By-the-bye, do you know Hardenow?"

"Not much," said the Squire; "I have seen him once or twice, and I know that he is a great friend of yours. He is one of the new lights, is not he?"

"I am sure I don't know, or care. He is a wonderfully clever fellow, and as true as steel, and a gentleman. He has heard, of course, of your sad trouble, but only the popular account of it. He does not even know of my feelings—but I will not speak now of them—"

"You may, my dear fellow, with all my heart. You have behaved like a true son to me; and if ever a gracious Providence—"

Overshute took Mr. Oglander's hand, and held it in silence for a moment; he could not bear the idea of even the faintest appearance of a bargain now. The Squire understood, and liked him all the better, and waved his left hand toward the dining-room.

"One thing more, while we are alone," resumed the young man, much as he longed for, and absolutely needed, good warm victuals; "Hardenow is a tremendous walker; six miles an hour are nothing to him; the 'Flying Dutchman' he is called, although he hasn't got a bit of calf. Of course I would not introduce him into this matter without your leave. But may I tell him all, and send him scouting, while you and I are so laid upon the shelf? He can go where you and I could not, and nobody will suspect him. And, of course, as regards intelligence alone, he is worth a dozen of that ass John Smith; at any rate, he would find no mare's-nests. May I try it? If so, I will take on the carriage to Oxford as soon as I have had a bit to eat."

"With all my heart," cried the Squire, whose eyes were full again of life and hope. "Hardenow owes a debt to Beckley. It was Cripps who got him his honors and fellowship—or at least the carrier says so; and we all believe our carrier. And, after all, whatever there is to do, nobody does it like a gentleman, and especially a good scholar. I remember a striking passage in the syntax of the Eton Latin grammar. I make no pretension to learning when I quote it, for it has been quoted in the House of Lords. Perhaps you remember it, my dear Russel."

"My Latin has turned quite rusty, Squire," answered Overshute, knowing, as well as Proteus, what was coming.

"The passage is this"—Mr. Oglander always smote his frilled shirt in this erudition, and delivered, *ore rotundo*,

> "Scilicet ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Agricultural Bureau of the Centennial Commission is making extensive preparations for the display of living fishes of the United States at Philadelphia, thirty aquaria being already under construction, half of them intended for fresh-water species, and half of them for salt, and having a capacity of about 12,000 gallons. The Commission has assumed the expense of the display, which promises to be very complete and satisfactory.

A number of the State Fish Commissioners have arranged with the Philadelphia authorities to furnish fish from their respective States. Among them we may mention Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, etc.; and a circular has been issued by Colonel LANDRETH, chief of the Agricultural Bureau, inviting contributions of this kind, promising that contributors may furnish tanks of their own construction, which will be cared for and supplied with water at the expense of the Commission.

Specimens of fishes, crustaceans, and other aquatic objects are asked for. There will be illustrations of the various processes of fish hatching and fish-culture, to include all the apparatus used for these purposes. The arrangements for the purposes referred to have been intrusted by Colonel LANDRETH to Mr. THADDEUS NORRIS, of Philadelphia, the veteran author on angling and fish-culture, assisted by Mr. THEODORE HARRISON, Jun., and Mr. FRED MATHER.

The spring meeting of the National Academy of Sciences will take place at the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, on the 18th of April, on which occasion a number of names of prominent scientists in the United States will be considered for election. There are seventeen candidates, but as only five can be elected, the competition will probably be very close.

The death of Dr. LUDWIG REDTENBACHER took place at Vienna on the 8th of February, 1876, at the age of sixty-three. He was at the date of his death, and had been for a considerable time previous, the director of the Imperial Zoological Museum of Austria, one of the finest establishments of this kind in Europe. He is best known as an entomologist, and published numerous works and papers on this branch of science, especially upon the coleoptera.

The name of the successor to so important a position will be looked for with interest.

A fossil cockroach and earwig (*Labidura*) from South Park, Colorado, is described by Mr. S. H. SCUDDER in the Sixth Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories.

Two interesting ethnological papers are printed in the last volume of the American Philosophical Society's Proceedings. The first is by Professor COPE, on the remains of population observed on and near the eocene plateau of Northwestern New Mexico. The other, covering 124 pages, is by Professor W. M. GABB, on the Indian tribes and languages of Costa Rica. There is also a short article by Dr. BRINTON on the "Mexican Calendar Stone."

A circular letter addressed "To the Ethnologists, Archæologists, and Philologists of America," and signed by L. H. MORGAN, CHARLES WHITTLESEY, S. F. BAIRD, E. T. COX, N. S. TOWNSHEND, CHARLES RAU, and F. W. PUTNAM, has lately been printed and extensively distributed. The object of the circular is to call attention to the permanent organization of a subsection of anthropology by the American Association, and to urge all who are engaged in this study to attend the meeting at Buffalo, and to prepare papers for reading.

The death of Mr. EVAN LEIGH, the inventor of the "twin screw," and of several details in regard to cotton machinery, took place in Manchester, England, on the 2d of February, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

An interesting volume of 400 pages has been recently published by Professor FISCHER, of Freiburg, upon the minerals jade and nephrite. These species have in themselves comparatively little of interest, and it seems at first a matter of surprise that so large a book should have been devoted to them. Their importance lies entirely in their relation to archæological matters; since the earliest times they have furnished a large part of the material employed for the carving of ornaments and idols. No localities are known for these minerals in Europe, and yet the exploration of the ancient buildings of the lake-dwellers and of similar prehistoric remains

has brought to light hundreds of stone implements, both weapons and ornaments, made from these materials. It is supposed that the source was originally Siberia and Turkestan, and that they were introduced into Europe through the connections of trade. Professor Fischer describes in detail a large number of curiously carved idols, ornaments, charms, and amulets which have been obtained in part from Eastern Asia and in part from Central America, and thus gives a very interesting chapter in archæology.

The English journal known as the *Colonist* has commenced a series of ethnological sketches of the various aboriginal or indigenous races inhabiting countries and islands that are daily becoming more known to us through the rapid development of trade and commerce, but whose inhabitants are disappearing or being greatly changed. The first sketch is of the Hawaiians.

In his journey up the Yenisei River, Nordenskjöld passed through the country where remains of the mammoth abounded, the teeth forming an important article of commerce. They are also believed to occur on the tundra. The larger parts of the skeleton are believed to be very rare, and, still more, mammoth with flesh, hide, and hair still remaining. It was on the peninsula between Obi and Yenisei that the great mammoth deposit discovered by Trofimoff occurred, and in the neighborhood of the same place was found the mammoth which gave occasion to Schmitt's expedition.

The death of M. Adolph Brogniart, Professor of Botany and member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, took place toward the end of February last. This gentleman occupied a distinguished position among botanists and paleontologists, and we hope hereafter to give some further details in regard to his life.

A no less serious loss to science, which occurred almost simultaneously, is that of M. D'Orbigny, assistant naturalist at the Natural History Museum, Paris.

A new mineral, bearing the title of achrematite, has been described by Professor Mallet, of the University of Virginia. It came into his possession labeled "Silver ore from the mine of Guanaceré, State of Chihuahua, near the Durango line," and, indeed, resembled one of the haloid compounds of silver. Analysis, however, showed it to be a molybdo-arsenate of lead, intermixed with finely divided ferric hydrate.

The second session of the Normal School of Natural History is announced to be held, like that of last season, at Normal, Illinois, under the auspices of the Museum of the Illinois Natural History Society. This will commence on the 25th of July, provided fifty applications are received, and will close on the 25th of August. The course of study will embrace comparative anatomy, general natural history, systematic and structural botany, etc. The school is under the direction of Professor E. A. Gastman and Professor S. A. Forbes, of Normal, who will be aided by Professor B. G. Wilder, Dr. Cyrus Thomas, Dr. J. A. Sewall, and Professor T. J. Burrill.

Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, whose discoveries in Syria have been so interesting and important, was to return to Nineveh on the 17th of February, for the purpose of continuing his work until all the remaining fragments of the library of Assur-bani-pal shall have been exhumed. It is thought that the most important fragments—those relating to the early legends and mythology of Babylonia—lie in the neighborhood of the trench previously opened by Mr. Smith, and the completion of the series of tablets translated by him in his *Chaldaic Account of Genesis* may therefore be looked forward to with certainty.

It is proposed to erect at the Hague a statue of Spinoza, on the occasion of the two-hundredth anniversary of his death, which will be in February, 1877. Committees for raising the necessary funds have already been formed in several countries; that for England embraces Professors Bain, Huxley, Max Müller, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and others.

The death of Mr. N. T. Wetherell, who had been occupied for many years past in the careful study of the fossils of the London clay, occurred at Highgate on the 22d of December, 1875. He was one of the earliest members of the Geological Society, and the author of many papers in its Journal and Transactions.

Nature announces the appointment of Mr. E. L. Layard to the consulship of New Caledonia. This gentleman is, we believe, a brother of the Assyrian explorer, and has been successively stationed in South Africa, in South America at Para, and at the Feejee Islands, in the government service, with special reference to the exercise of his remarkable abilities as an ornithologist and collector, in working up the natural history of those regions. Much is expected as the result of his labors in the new and comparatively little known field to which he has now been transferred.

The English journals speak of the successful ascent of the summit of Mont Blanc by an English lady. She reached the top January 31, at three o'clock P.M., the thermometer marking at the Grands Mulets 13°, and at the Grand Plateau, 19°. She had with her several guides, and slept at the Grands Mulets on the evening of January 31, and returned by La Vallée February 1, and was enthusiastically welcomed by the inhabitants of Chamounix.

Mr. Charles Darwin is engaged on a new work on the comparative results of the cross-fertilization and self-fertilization of plants, which will contain a great mass of new observations.

Professor Tyndall was recently married, in King Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey, to Miss Hamilton, a relative of the Duke of Abercorn.

Among the recent deaths of scientific men in the United States we regret to mention that of Mr. Archibald R. Marvine, a geologist of much promise. Mr. Marvine was born in September, 1848, and graduated in 1870 at the Hooper Mining School. In 1870 he was associated in the mining explorations on Lake Superior with Professor R. Pumpelly, and in July, 1871, received the appointment of astronomer to Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition. He resigned this position in May, 1872, and engaged again with Professor Pumpelly in the investigation of the Kerwenaw copper mines, and in March, 1873, was appointed an assistant geologist by Dr. Hayden, in which capacity he served until the time of his death. As a geologist he showed much promise, his contributions to Professor Hayden's reports being considered extremely satisfactory.

In his recent annual address to the Microscopical Society of London, the president, Mr. H. C. Sorby, F.R.S., discusses the relation between the limits of the powers of the microscope and the size of the ultimate molecules of matter. As the combined result of observation and theory, he concludes that the normal limit of distinct visibility with the most perfect microscope is one-half of the wave length of the light. If so, even with the very best lenses (except under special conditions), light itself is of too coarse a nature to enable us to define objects less than $\frac{1}{80000}$ to $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch apart. It would appear, therefore, that, as far as this question is concerned, our microscopes have already reached their ultimate limit. Adopting the results as to the size of the ultimate molecules of matter arrived at by Mr. Storey, Sir W. Thomson, and Professor Clerk-Maxwell, Mr. Sorby calculates that in the smallest interval which could be distinctly seen by the best possible microscope there would be about 2000 molecules of liquid water lying end to end, or about 520 of albumen, and that, in order to see the ultimate constitution of organic bodies, we should require a magnifying power from 500 to 2000 times greater than those we now possess. He calculates that with our highest powers we are as far from seeing the ultimate molecules of organic substances as we should be from seeing the contents of a newspaper with the naked eye at the distance of a third of a mile. A spherical particle one-tenth the diameter of the smallest speck that could be clearly defined with our best and highest powers might nevertheless contain no less than 1,000,000 structural molecules.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It has been reported that a citizen of Ohio has paid a royalty of $7000 for the exclusive right to sell popped corn on the Centennial grounds. Whether this be the fact or not, there is no doubt that the ordinary trade in this article is very much larger than is generally supposed. We see "pop-corn balls" in the confectionery shops, little cornucopias of puffy grains are carried through the railway cars for the benefit of passengers, and here and there in the streets we meet a little urchin who is regaling himself with a section of "pop-corn cake." Appearances would not indicate, however, that there is any extensive consumption of this article. It is said that nearly the whole pop-corn trade of New York and vicinity is in the hands of one man, who has his "manufactory" in a dingy basement in Thompson Street. He makes special contracts with farmers to raise the corn, for, as he expresses it, "there is a big difference in corn." Last year he bought 1500 bushels from one Connecticut farmer and 200 from another. A bushel of shelled corn will make about four barrels of "popped stuff;" and he generally uses up about six bushels a day, for he never allows himself to run short of the raw material. It requires great dexterity to pop corn in large quantities; but the expert converts quarts into half bushels with wonderful celerity. The trade is always good, the demand for "pop-corn balls" being very great. These are prepared by pouring over the corn a mixture of sugar, sirup, and gum, and pressing the moistened material into shape, adding sometimes a preparation of cochineal as a coloring. Four dollars a bushel is usually paid for pop-corn by those who buy for the trade; the Thompson Street dealer sells the plain popped corn, when made up into balls, at $2 a barrel, or forty-five cents a hundred. The balls retail at a cent apiece in the shops. The Centennial speculator, therefore, has a prospect—unless the taste of popped-corn eaters changes—of carrying on a thriving business.

With the design of encouraging tree planting during the Centennial year, Professor B. G. Northrop, secretary of the Connecticut State Board of Education, has offered $200, to be given under the following conditions: one dollar to any teacher or pupil who shall plant or cause to be planted five trees, each not less than nine feet in height, either elm, maple, ash, white oak, or walnut, on the school grounds or along any street, and who shall report to Professor Northrop before the 10th of May, 1876. If any one should prefer as a keepsake his book entitled *Education Abroad*, a copy of that volume, inscribed, "A Prize for Tree Planting," will be forwarded, postage paid. The prize will be awarded on the receipt of a certificate from any school visitor that "the five trees" were all living August 1, 1876.

The trustees of the Drew Theological Seminary have decided to raise the necessary funds for conducting the institution by subscription.

A grand ball will be given at the Academy of Music on April 25 by the Women's Centennial Union. The Emperor of Brazil is expected to be in the city at that time, and a box will be placed at his disposal.

When the Congressional Library was destroyed by fire in 1851, many valuable works of art were burned. Among them were Stuart's portraits of the first five Presidents, painted from life; also portraits of Columbus, of Peyton Randolph, of Baron De Kalb, Baron Steuben, and a bust of Lafayette, by David.

A translation of George Eliot's new work, *Daniel Deronda*, appears in the February number of a Russian periodical devoted to the publication of novels.

In 1877 a jubilee is to be held at Antwerp in honor of Rubens, celebrating the triennial anniversary of the great painter's birth.

Our mild winter—for March can no longer claim to be regarded a spring month—culminated in storms of the greatest severity, March snows and gales and desolating freshets. Throughout New England and in many of the Middle States rains succeeded blocking snow-storms, rivers rose to unusual height, dams broke away, and large sections were flooded. Perhaps the destruction of the Lynde Brook Reservoir, which supplied the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, with water, was the most important of the numerous disasters. At the West railroad trains were stopped, and for a time general business suspended in many places in consequence of the extraordinary fall of snow. In Nebraska more snow fell during March than has for the same length of time during the past twenty years.

Fourteen Commissioners have been appointed by the Japanese government to represent Japan at the Centennial. The Mikado himself, with some of the highest functionaries of the empire, went to examine the magnificent bronzes and marvelous silk goods designed for the Exhibition before their shipment to this country.

The burial-place of a race of pigmies has been discovered in Tennessee, and a detailed account is given in the Nashville *American*. The bones show that the dwarf people were about three feet in height. They were buried in a sitting or in a standing position. The grave-yard is of vast proportions, and it is estimated that about 75,000 are buried there.

Rapid transit is again the topic of special interest. It is announced that a contract has been signed by Mr. George M. Pullman, on behalf of the Gilbert Elevated Railway Company, and Mr. William Sellers, on behalf of the Edgemoor Iron Company, for the construction of a double-track railway from the Battery to the Central Park, a distance of five miles. The work is to be commenced immediately, and the road is promised to be ready for use by August 1. The work is a great one, and will be prosecuted in the following order: laying the foundations, putting on the bed-plate, erecting the columns, putting up the superstructure, laying the track. The columns, of wrought-iron plates, will be placed in the middle of the street, thirty-seven feet apart, and the spans, going from column to column, will be pier-connected trusses. There will be one truss on each side of the road, six feet deep and thirty-seven feet long, at a distance of twenty-two feet apart. A double track will be laid between the trusses, and the floors of the cars will be on an exact level with the tops of the trusses. The trip from the Battery to Central Park will occupy about twenty minutes, and cars will run frequently during the busy part of the day.

The Berlin Museum has been "taken in," as the phrase is. A few years ago it purchased in Jerusalem some Moabite antiquities, expending for them the sum of 28,000 thalers. It was pretended that the age of these relics was about 2500 years; but now it has turned out that they are not genuine.

"How many beans in a barrel?" is a question which has been interesting the frequenters of a certain wholesale produce store in the city of Lowell. "How many pea-beans in a barrel?" There were wild guesses and estimates, varying from 40,000 to 4,000,000. Finally a pound of beans was taken, and the individuals composing it were counted, this number multiplied by the number of pounds in a barrel, and the result was 566,000. Of course this process gave only an approximate number. One mathematical gentleman took another method. He measured one bean, and then calculated how many the barrel would hold. He made the number 2000 less than that obtained by the other method.

The efforts made in this city to suppress the sale of adulterated milk seem to be attended with a good degree of success. A number of milk dealers have been arraigned before the Court of Special Sessions, charged with selling an adulterated article, and, being convicted, were fined. Some more perfect legislation seems needed, however, to save the public from using impure or watered milk.

Oregon produced 250,000 cases of canned salmon last year.

One Mr. Shaw, time-keeper of the Consolidated Virginia Mine, in Virginia City, Nevada, found a watch where it had evidently been dropped by some one working about the mine. He advertised it, and many persons called, but failed to describe the watch correctly enough to claim it. At last a little Frenchman came.

"You find one vatch, Mistair Shaw?"

"Yes, Sir," said Shaw. "Have you lost a watch?"

"Yes, Sare, me have lose me one vatch."

"Can you describe it?"

"Oh yes, Sare, me can descripe him ver' perfec'ly. He have hees face wide open, and one leetle brass shain."

"What kind of key was on the chain?"

"Vell, no key be on zee shain. He have no key at all. I vind him by zee tail."

The watch was a stem-winder, and the Frenchman had given a perfect description of it even down to "zee tail."

"Toxophobia" is that peculiar state of mania which makes a person believe that he is being poisoned. The number of persons affected with this curious dementia is much larger than would be supposed. In about sixty cases recorded in an English medical journal, only two were obviously insane in other respects.

There is an old story about Handel which is worth repeating. Once when on a visit to the organist of a cathedral in an English town, Handel was requested to play the "out voluntary" on Sunday. The performance was such that no one moved from his seat. Once, twice, thrice, Handel looked round to see if they were gone, but, oblivious even of the Sunday joint, there they still sat, till the organist, observing, "Mr. Handel, I perceive you can't play out the congregation; let me see what I can do," took his wonted seat, and, with a few touches, soon restored the ordinary frame of mind at the end of morning service.

Those who suffer from toothache, or neuralgia arising from the teeth, will be interested in all known remedies for the distressing affection. What will cure in one case is not, however, certain to cure in another, when the malady is neuralgia. But the sufferers are usually reduced to that state that they are willing to try any thing and every thing. We see it stated in an exchange that the worst toothache or neuralgia caused by the teeth may be speedily ended by the application to the defective tooth of a bit of cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia. It is worth trying.

Grasshoppers should not be ignored as useless. They have a mission to fulfill, it seems, which has recently been discovered. According to official reports from France, the sardine fisheries are gradually diminishing. This is not because the fish are becoming scarce, but the supply of bait, which is the roe of cod-fish imported from American fisheries, is insufficient to meet the demand. It is found, however, that grasshoppers pounded into a paste imitate the roe so exactly that the most knowing of the sardines can not distinguish the difference; and accordingly the French government has imported large quantities of the insects from Algeria in order to try the new bait on a large scale. Might not the hoppers be thus utilized in this country?

Some remarkable steam-pumping machinery was lately completed at Hammersmith, England, for the draining of the Ferrara marshes, Northern Italy. The tract to be drained covers an area of 200 miles. There will be models of this machinery in the British department of the Centennial Exposition. It is calculated to discharge 456,000 gallons of water per minute, or 656,640,000 gallons per day. The water delivered by these remarkable pumps forms a stream 103 feet wide and 4 feet deep, having a speed of two miles an hour. The successful operation of such machinery as this would render the drainage of the Zuyder-Zee, in Holland, which is about to be commenced, a comparatively easy task.

Complaints are made by many citizens of New York in regard to the vapors which overspread their premises, coming from about a dozen petroleum establishments located on Long Island, from Hunter's Point to Greenpoint. These vapors are stifling and nauseating, and are said to be deleterious, especially to the health of infants and invalids. What a profound misfortune it is that New York can not have clean air and clean streets!

This is the way they make things smooth and pleasant in Paris: A gentleman was invited to dine with some new acquaintances. He entered the mansion at the exact time appointed for dinner; and just as he was about to ascend the staircase, amidst some tumult, down came a tureen of soup, distributing bits of beef, carrots, and porcelain in a miscellaneous manner. The guest, finding himself safe, pursued his way up stairs. Dinner was announced soon after he had saluted his hosts. They took seats at the table. The servant brought on a turbot. The husband said to his wife, "My angel, tell our friend the bill of fare."

She—her face wreathed in charming smiles—answered, "No, darling, that duty is the host's."

He therefore easily said, "Well, I must give you warning that we have adopted the English custom; we never have soup."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Reason.—Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather vane, when one addressed the other thus: "Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a hin up there instid of a rooster?" "An' sure," replied Pat, "that's aisy enough; don't ye see it would be inconvanient to go for the eggs?"

When is a lady's dress like an unfortunate bull-fighter?—When it is gored. And when is it like a partisan?—When it is biased. And when is it like a toper?—When it is full. And when is it like the sails of a ship?—When it is trimmed. When is it like a season of the year?—When it is lent. When is it no longer fit for use?—After she has once worn it out.

A Case of General Average.—"Aren't you rather too old to ride for half price?" said a ticket clerk to the elder of two boys. "Well," remarked the youth, "I am under fourteen, and this boy with me is under six. That don't make twenty, and you will take two boys under ten for half each." And he took them.

Philosophic, but unprincipled.—"My son," said a venerable philosopher, "never waste your time—not a moment of it; always waste somebody else's."

The Difference.—"Courtship is bliss," said an ardent young man. "Yes, and matrimony is blister," snarled an old bachelor.

Cynical.—Any thing Midas touched was turned to gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into any thing.

Serve him right.—The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

Richelieu's remark, "There's no such word as 'fail,'" might be modified to meet the present unpleasant times, so as to state about how many cents will be paid on the dollar.

An innocent Boy.—The other day a Detroiter who has a good record of army service took down his revolver to shoot a cat which had been hanging about the house. After looking at him while he fired six shots, the cat walked away. While he was loading up for more destruction, the shooter's small boy inquired, "Father, did you ever kill any one while you were in the army?" "I suppose so, my son." After a long pause the boy continued, "Then you must have got near enough to hit 'em with an axe, didn't you?" It was then discovered to be about school time.

By our old Bachelor.—There's no special style of engraving engagement rings. A spider's web with a fly in it is a very pretty device.

During a recent performance at a Paris theatre, a man and his wife had a quarrel on the stage—the woman in a rage of jealousy, the man trying to persuade her that she was too suspicious and too passionate. Both were acting with great spirit, when the wife moved her arm too near a candle, and her muslin dress was in flames in an instant. Both actors kept their presence of mind, however. The husband extinguished the fire, and, proceeding with his part, interpolated, "You see, my dear, I was right; you are ready to flare up for the least thing."

Musical Note.—In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage?—Be mine, ah!

Poor Man.—He was bound to be accurate, and he described the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other, cut bias, and trimmed endwise."

A Quaker having married for his wife a member of the Church of England, was asked, after the ceremony, by the clergyman for his fee, which he said was a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said if he could be shown any text in Scripture which proved the fee was a crown he would give it, upon which the clergyman directly turned to the twelfth chapter of Proverbs, verse fourth, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband." "Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion: Solomon was a wise man. Here is thy money, which thou hast well and truly earned."

It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, his residence, was returning home on horseback in the evening, which was very dark. Just before he reached a neighboring village his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that direction, he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can with a hammer."

THE BAY OF GALATA, CO

THE BAY OF GALATA.

To the Eastern traveler, who approaches by the way of the Sea of Marmora, the city of the Bosphorus presents one of the most beautiful panoramic views in the world. The advantages of its situation, so great that they induced the Emperor CONSTANTINE to remove his residence thither from Rome, surpass those of any city in either hemisphere. So gentle is the fall of the river in its downward course from the Black Sea that a strong south wind will repel the current until the waters are as tranquil as those of a lake. Just before it enters the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus finds its way into a deep but narrow inlet that forms the world-renowned harbor of the Golden Horn. Here the navies of the world might ride with ease in perfect calm and safety, and so great is the depth of water and the boldness of the shore that the largest vessels may lie alongside the wharves that line the banks, and receive and discharge their cargoes.

Three bridges of boats connect the two shores of the Golden Horn, and permit incessant communication between the city proper and its suburbs—Pera, Galata, and Tophana. They are in effect but one city, though the inhabitants maintain the distinction as perfectly as we do that of New York and Brooklyn. Galata, which lies on the shore of the beautiful bay shown in our engraving, is the principal residence of European merchants and the chief place of trade and commerce. The main street abuts upon one of the bridges, and the first sensations of the traveler as he makes his way into the town are those of amazement at the contrast between the great buildings and warehouses, so expressive of the energy of former times, and the filth, laziness, and utter inactivity of the present inhabitants.

Galata was founded as a republic in Byzantine times by the Genoese; and this hardy race of merchant soldiers were accustomed to build their store-houses like fortresses, and embattled their quarter like a fortified town. Their counting-houses might easily have withstood a siege, for in their frequent difficulties with the jealous and quarrelsome Turks the Genoese occasionally found it necessary to rely upon the strength and solidity of these structures for protection; thus they have the appearance of huge ramparts rather than the air of buildings designed for the peaceful occupation of trade. In the midst of the shops and houses rises the great tower of Galata, covered with a brazen cupola, lifting its head high above the ancient walls which lie shattered and crumbling at its feet. On the summit of this tower a watchman is stationed day and night to give notice of the fires which are continually breaking out among the wooden buildings that make up a large part of the town. This tower, says GAUTIER, in his recent charming work upon Constantinople and its surroundings, is "a veritable Gothic donjon, crowned by a battlemented and projecting gallery, and surmounted by a pointed roof of brass, oxidized by time, and which, in place of the crescent, sustains the swallow-tailed weather vane of the old feudal manor-house. At the foot of the tower are grouped a number of hovels and dwarfed houses, which have the effect of seeming to augment its really great height." Galata has but few attractions for travelers, though it contains one good hotel, where visitors are well entertained. The facilities for getting about, usual in most cities, are utterly wanting here. There are neither horses, carriages, nor donkeys that can be hired for money. The sole resource is to walk, and the hills are steep and difficult, while the mud lies deep every where in the cramped and narrow passages. The narrow alley running parallel with the shore, which the traveler must cross before reaching the b... at l... part of Constantinop... reque... to be almost impass...

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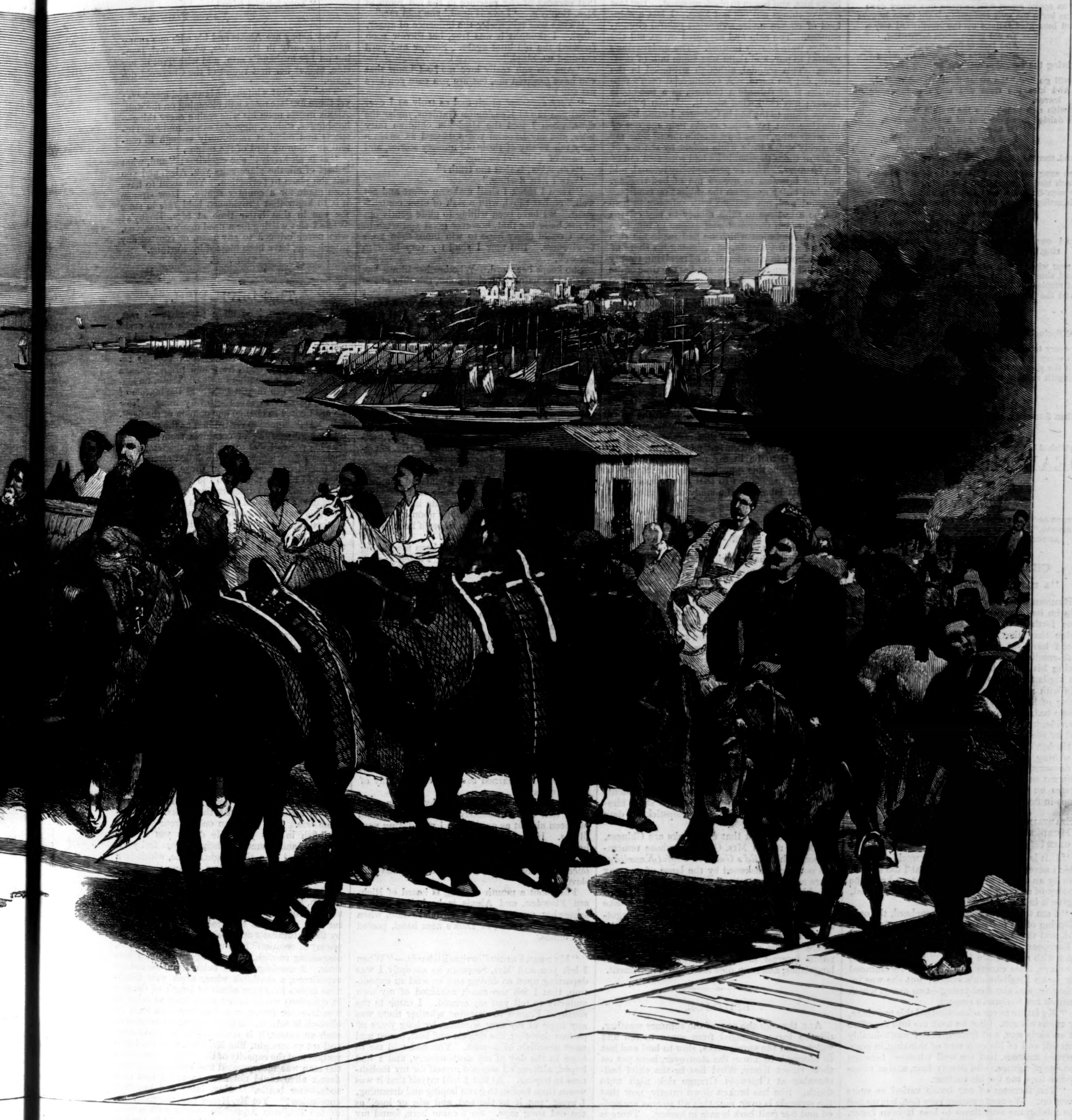

[... A, CONSTANTINOPLE.—[By H. Lang.]

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nomy, heightened by the soft and silvery vapor which hangs about the earth and the buildings." But the beauty is all upon the outside, in the setting, as it were. The moment the traveler leaves the steamer, the loveliness vanishes and disenchantment begins. Then it is that he begins to perceive that the palaces are wooden buildings, generally destitute of paint, and many of them in a most dilapidated condition. Every thing here, as in all other parts of the Turkish dominions, is verging upon decay and ruin. Fires sweep among the frail buildings with uncontrollable fury, and assist the work of destruction. They are of almost daily recurrence, and the signal that waves from the tower of Seraskier to indicate the outbreak and locality of these conflagrations is in constant requisition. The accumulation of filth in the streets is sufficient to destroy the attraction of the city, whatever interest might otherwise attach to it. The dogs appear to be the only scavengers, and the numerous squads of these lean and hungry animals that haunt the streets of Constantinople frequently render it difficult to force a passage among them.

The Seraglio and the former church of St. Sophia, at present a mosque, are the two buildings that possess the greatest interest for those visiting Constantinople. The former, built upon that point of land lying between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, known as Stamboul, or Constantinople proper, measures three miles in circumference, and includes the buildings inhabited by the Sultan and his court, the harem, and the public offices, which are separated from the city by a vast wall, and entered by several gates, some of which are magnificent specimens of architecture.

The famous mosque of St. Sophia, whose construction has been followed by the Turks in all their religious buildings throughout the city, was rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora on the site of the original edifice built by Constantine. A vast dome in the centre is surrounded by smaller ones, from among which the minarets rise toward the sky. The principal dome has always been an object of great admiration from the smallness of its curve. The depth is but one-sixth of the diameter—a miracle of art. The form of the building is that of a Greek cross, and the galleries are approached by a winding passage in one of the towers, through which it would not be difficult to drive a horse and carriage. A hundred architects and ten thousand masons were employed on the building, which cost over three hundred thousand pounds in gold. When the dome came to be put on, tiles from Rhodes were brought and laid by twelves, and then relics of saints and martyrs built in, while a constant chant of priests in the vaults below consecrated the work. Costly stones from all parts of the known world were gathered in the building. At one time admission was denied to strangers by the stringent religious laws of the Turks; but of late years the power of gold has been sufficient to open this long-forbidden mosque to the inspection of strangers and infidels.

There are a few public libraries in Constantinople, both Turkish and Greek, and that of the Seraglio is particularly rich in Oriental literature, and there are several Turkish and European printing-presses. Some of the articles peculiar to the East are manufactured in the city, but their markets are mostly supplied by Western Europe, and trade has fallen almost entirely into the hands of foreign residents. Among an enterprising race of men Constantinople might become one of the greatest maritime cities in the world; but at present its condition is clearly expressive of the deterioration and decay so apparent throughout the Turkish Empire.

MESSENGERS OF SPRING.

HOLDING her court among the jasmine flowers,
Thus spoke sweet Spring upon one sunny day:
"Who loves me well enough to leave these bowers
And bear glad tidings up the Northward way—
To set green fields a-growing,
And farmer-folk a-sowing,
And hearts agiee with knowing
I bring the sunshine and the flowery May?"

"I will go first," the sweet South Wind replied,
"And kiss the trees and make them dream of leaves,
Fill with rich prophecies the welkin wide
Of daisied meadows and of harvest sheaves,
Of happy cattle straying,
And men and maidens haying,
And little children playing,
And scented gardens, and bird-haunted eaves."

Then sang the birds: "We to the North will go,
Each bird a promise on a glancing wing;
For men do know we wander to and fro,
Haunting forever thy sweet presence, Spring;
All trust our ancient token,
Our songs so long bespoken,
Our promise never broken,
And our glad news shall make the wildwoods ring."

So ever when south winds begin to blow,
And elms with tiny spears salute the flowers,
And maples on the lawn blush red and glow,
And the bright sunshine smiles away the showers,
From woods with mosses hoary,
And isles of tropic glory,
Birds bring the old, sweet story
Of Spring's return to apple-blossom bowers.

On every tree there is a singing bird,
In every grove such joyful melody
That the song-sparrow, anxious to be heard,
Singeth on tiptoe in his ecstasy:
"The Spring is coming!—greet her!
The Spring is coming!—meet her!
For, oh! she is far sweeter
Than Summer's rose or Autumn's luxury!"

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.—(*Continued.*)

"A DARK TALE DARKLY FINISHED."

BEFORE noon next day it is known that Joel Pilgrim has accepted his earthly defeat, and has gone forth to meet the fiat of a more terrible Judge than that sage and learned lawyer who would have sat in judgment upon him at the forth-coming assizes. Early on the morning following his arrest he has found means to elude the vigilance of his warder, and has opened a vein with a small penknife, hidden in the silken lining of his coat sleeve. Lying quietly on his prison bed, the warder slumbering on a pallet by his side, he has given himself his death wound, and let life ebb silently without a groan.

He has occupied the earlier part of the night in writing, and this is the result, which is speedily devoured by the ravening maws of a thousand different newspapers and given to the world. It figures on the hoardings before news-vendors' shops in fat black capitals:

"STARTLING REVELATION—THE REDCASTLE MURDER—DYING CONFESSION OF JOEL PILGRIM!

"If it is any satisfaction to the world at large, which never gave me any thing that I did not obtain by an appeal to its self-interest, to know the history of a man whose hours are now numbered, I give it in a few words.

"I am the son of Stephen Trenchard, the only offspring of his marriage with a Hindoo dancing-girl, and that marriage about as legal a union as a European of some social standing cares to contract with a low-caste Indian. My mother had, I believe, little except her beauty to recommend her to an Englishman's notice; but she was inoffensive, and she died young—two merits which secured her husband's respect.

"My father never acknowledged this marriage, or me as his son. But he took me into his office at an early age, and finding that I was tolerably shrewd, and of his own way of thinking in commercial matters, had me well educated between the age of eighteen and twenty-four, and at twenty-five took me for his partner.

"The fortunes of our house varied as years went on. We made money very fast, but we had the misfortune sometimes to lose it even faster. Our gains generally tempted us to make losses, and each successful transaction brought an unlucky follower at its heels. Thus if we made a hundred per cent. by indigo one year, we perhaps lost a hundred and fifty per cent. by indigo the next, being lured into some reckless speculation, time bargains, and the rest of it. Our opium trade brought us most money, and we trafficked in other goods which proved profitable merchandise, but somewhat damaged the character of our house. In other words, rather than let our vessels ground upon their beef-bones for want of a remunerative cargo, we occasionally went in quietly for the slave-trade, supplied our Demerara friends with coolies, and shipped a good deal of live stock of this kind at different ports. To put it briefly, we were general dealers on a large scale.

"The business had never been weaker than in that year when my father suddenly took it into his head that it was time for him to retire, and drew ten thousand pounds out of the house—some thousands beyond our real capital. It left me with a crippled business, and I felt that my father had done me a great wrong by this selfish retirement. For the first year after his return to England fortune favored me, and the prospects of the house brightened. I made one or two lucky hits, and began to pluck up spirit. But this state of things did not last long. I lost a ship-load of coolies under somewhat painful circumstances. The ship and supposed cargo, not the coolies, were heavily insured. The underwriters refused to pay, and there was some talk of scuttling. This scandal, although strangled in the birth, did me harm. A commercial man's reputation is as delicate a blossom as a hot-house flower; any chill wind nips it. When I found things going to the bad in Calcutta, I came home, thinking that my father might help me out of my difficulties, or at least enable me to float my unwieldy ship a little while longer by the use of a few of those thousands he had squeezed out of the business. This he peremptorily refused, and had the injustice to accuse me of bad trading. We had bitter words on the subject on many occasions; and, not content with refusing to help me, he urged me to raise money to pay off the remaining ten thousand pounds due to him by a deed of dissolution which he had made me sign before he left Calcutta, he resigning his share of the business in consideration of receiving twenty thousand pounds—ten thousand at the time of the execution of the deed, ten thousand within three years from that date.

"The time had expired, and he urged me repeatedly to raise the money. When he found that I had set my heart upon marrying his niece—whom I naturally supposed to be a single woman—he made my payment of this ten thousand pounds a condition of my marriage. No money, no wife, he said—thus using my tenderest feelings as a lever to wrench money out of me. I think this plan of proceeding hardly comes under the head of fatherly affection.

"Of the tragedy which terminated the story of my father's existence I have nothing to say. Time may perhaps make that mystery clear. I shall not gratify idle curiosity by any revelation, supposing it to be in my power to reveal any thing touching this question, which I leave as a subject for speculation to that new school which devotes its labors to the study of psychological mysteries."

This is all—disappointing perhaps to the world in general, but giving Redcastle a new subject for conversation.

"Imagine that horrid Indian being Mr. Trenchard's son, after all!" exclaims Mrs. Stormont, when she and her dear Mrs. Groshen meet to discuss the latest scandal over their harlequin tea-cups. "I always thought there was a likeness."

"I can't say that I saw any resemblance. Such a difference in complexion, you know. But what a horribly disreputable set these Trenchards seem to have been!" says Mrs. Groshen, in a wholesale way, as if there had been a regiment of them.

"Yes, selling slaves, and opium, and scuttling ships, and doing every thing horrid."

"And to think that we should have asked them to dinner!" cries the banker's wife, remembering how often she has squandered her housekeeping money upon hot-house fruit and flowers to decorate the board at which Stephen Trenchard was to be the chief guest.

"How lucky that dreadful Pilgrim never accepted our invitations!" exclaims Mrs. Stormont. "I have no doubt he was afraid to show himself in society. He ate with chopsticks, I dare say."

"I rather think that chopsticks are Chinese, my dear," replies Mrs. Groshen, whose remembrance of the *Child's Guide to Useful Knowledge* has not been weakened by the lapse of so many years as have gone by since her elder friend left a fashionable boarding-school, carefully finished in all those elegant accomplishments which take six years to learn and can be comfortably forgotten in three.

Thus runs town-talk in quiet Redcastle. There will be no trial, and among the general public interest in Stephen Trenchard's murder languishes, and soon dies for want of nutriment.

EPILOGUE.

ALL through the rest of the summer weather, till the leaves changed from green to red and yellow, and the sturdy oaks, slow to bud and last to succumb to Time, the destroyer, have put on their russet livery, Sibyl lies in the chief bedchamber at Cheswold Grange sick nigh unto death. She has broken down utterly, now that the struggle is over, now that all storms are ended and her frail bark is safe in harbor. There is no violent illness, no raging fever of brain or body, only an extreme prostration, which for a long time baffles the skill of an intelligent physician and a careful family doctor.

She lies in the bright, pretty bedroom, with its old paneled walls painted pale pink and cream-color, its needle-work pictures, its quaint furniture, and many relics of a departed generation. There is a wide window opposite her bed that extends from ceiling to floor, and through this she listlessly contemplates the fair landscape, the smiling garden, the autumnal glory of the park. She suffers little pain, except such weariness as attends extreme prostration. She is at peace, and even declares herself happy.

"I have lived long enough, Alex," she says one day when her strength has ebbed to the lowest point compatible with life, and the doctors have begun to despair of the efficacy of the pharmacopœia in this particular case. Alexis, deeply moved, sits by her bed, and holds her feeble hand in the dim autumn twilight. "I am content for my earthly race to finish here. You have forgiven me. That is enough."

"But have you no thought of me, Sibyl? Is it kind to talk like that?"

"Dear Alex, you have been more than good to me; but I have not forgotten what you said that evening of our meeting in the old room at Mrs. Bonny's. 'Love is dead,' you told me."

"That was said under the influence of anger, Sibyl. I thought it was true, but sorrow soon fastened the old knot again. Sorrow and peril reunited us, Sibyl."

"And do you really love me? I know that you have forgiven me, but are you sure you love me still?"

"Very sure—as much and as truly as I ever loved you in old Kensington Gardens, under the elms, when I told the Hazleton children fairy tales, and my life and yours seemed as sweet a fairy tale as any of those old nursery stories, and as sure of a blissful ending."

"Oh, Alex, is that the truth?"

"As I live, darling."

"Then I think I shall make an effort and get well," replies Sibyl, with a sigh of utter contentment. "I have been willing to glide gently out of life, believing that, however good you were to me, I could never hope to win more than your forgiveness. But now I shall try very hard to get well."

She keeps her word. Whether her illness has reached its natural turning-point, the tide of life flowing back to its source, or whether the ardent desire of the patient to live helps the work of recovery, the medical men can not say. But from this time there is a change; slowly but surely health and youth come back to the pale, wan face. The lovely eyes lose their glassy lustre, and grow bright with happy thoughts; faint hues of carnation or rose flit like the shadow of a sunset cloud over the marble pallor, then linger, and warm the pallid cheek into life and beauty.

"Your love has won me back from the grave, Alex," whispers Sibyl, four or five weeks after that talk in the twilight, when the family doctor—that very Mr. Skalpel who attended Alexis after his accident—has declared that Mrs. Secretan's recovery is absolutely marvelous.

When Sibyl is out of danger, Richard Plowden, who has been a faithful friend and comforter throughout this time of trouble, and has acted as Trot's chief nurse and playmate into the bargain, departs somewhat abruptly upon a journey, the business and destination whereof he does not reveal to his dear friend Alexis.

"It's a little bit of a trip I've been meditating for a longish time," he says. "I'll tell you all about it when I come back. I think I shall start to-morrow."

"You'll write to us while you're away, of course, Dick?"

"Well, yes, if I can manage it," replies Mr. Plowden, with rather a sheepish air; "but you mustn't be alarmed if you don't hear from me. I shall be moving about from place to place, you see, and I may be out of the way of post-offices—off the beaten track, you know."

"Good gracious!" exclaims Alexis, "are you going to the centre of Africa? Is my modest geographer coming out as a second Sir Samuel Baker?"

Alexis is too much occupied with his wife's recovery just now to be very curious about his friend. He thinks Dick's movements are somewhat eccentric, and that is all.

"Perhaps he objects to my being here," says Sibyl, who has learned to think very humbly of herself of late.

"Object to you, Sibyl! Why? You must know that he is absolutely devoted to you, and has been almost as anxious as I was during your illness. He was prejudiced against you before he saw you, out of affection for me, poor fellow, thinking that I had been hardly used; but when once you came back to love and duty he was your slave."

For about a month nothing is heard of Richard Plowden, and Alexis is beginning to feel somewhat uneasy about his friend's fate, when he receives a letter, in Dick's neat hand, posted at Cannes.

"MY DEAR FRIEND" (writes Richard),—"When I left you and Mrs. Secretan so abruptly I was departing upon so daring and so wild an expedition, that I felt too much ashamed of my own audacity to tell you my errand. I came to the south of France to discover whether there was any hope of my ever winning, by long years of patient devotion, the dearest and best, purest and most unselfish, of women. You had told me to hope in the day of my despondency, and I had hoped, although I scorned myself for my foolishness in hoping. At last I told myself that it was worse than foolish to go on hoping and dreaming. I must 'put it to the test, and win or lose,' as the old song says. So I came here, found my sweetest Linda working industriously at her art, pensive, but not altogether unhappy. She was delighted to see me—not for my own sake, you may be sure, but because I could tell her all about Trot. How I have blessed that dear child! She was never tired of hearing me talk of him. I spent all my evenings at her aunt's house—such a dear old lady, the aunt—talking about Trot, and a little about art, and science, and literature, and my own small views and ambitions. What happy evenings they were!

"Well, Alex, I am too proud of her—too ashamed of my own unworthiness, to tell you much more. I can only say that God has been very good to me; that I am more blessed than ever I hoped to be; that if I had been born in the dear old fairy times which I have told Trot so much about that I have grown almost to believe in them myself—if I had been the special favorite of some omnipotent good fairy, and had had a talking bird, and Fortunatus's purse, and an invisible cap, and a flying carpet, and the princess with the golden locks for my bride, I could not have been one whit happier than I am, or more astonished at my own happiness.

"I am in such a state of surprise that I am doubtful of my own identity, and hardly feel sure that I have any right to sign myself,
"Your faithful friend,
"DICK PLOWDEN."

Very happy are Alexis and his wife one sunny morning early in December, when Sibyl, leaning on her husband's arm, and with Trot at her side, makes her first round of the Cheswold domain.

The hoar-frost whitens the lawn and meadows; yet there are late roses still blooming on the wall. Alexis insists upon his wife seeing every thing—hot-houses, stables, piggeries even—and Sibyl inspects and admires rapturously enough to content an exacting lord of the manor.

"It is all lovely!" she exclaims; "and, what is best of all, the place suits you, Alex, and you suit the place to perfection. You seem to have been made for a country squire. How strange it is to know that Providence held *this* in store for you in that bitter time at Mrs. Bonny's! While I was waiting for a dead man's shoes, you, who never cringed to any man, or courted any inheritance, have been blessed by Fortune."

THE END.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

A FRENCHMAN, long since passed to his rest, was once heard to remark, "Take away every thing else, but leave me my delusions." Had he lived in our time, when science and investigation pounce with ruthless claws upon popular romances and traditions, he would probably have found life an intolerable burden. Truth, no longer permitted to remain quietly at the bottom of a well, persists in invading every thing. Now we are invited to change our opinion of the devil-fish. Accustomed to regard him as the most hideous and disgusting of creatures from the time that his portrait was carved upon the temples of ancient Egypt, since Aristotle called attention to his horrid characteristics in prose, and Oppian described him in poetry, to the very recent date when Victor Hugo immortalized him in fiction, an eminent naturalist now arises who maintains that this loathsome man-eating monster, like the original proprietor of his name, is "not so black as he is painted." To be compelled to give quarter to the devil-fish is a trial. It is more exciting to the imagination to give credence to Pliny's polypus, that would prowl around the shores at night, satisfying his hunger with salted tunnies, or to Mr. Hugo's *pieuvre*, which he describes as a creature that has "no muscular organization, no menacing cry, no breastplate, no horn, no dart, no tail with which to hold or bruise, no cutting fins or wings with claws, no prickles, no sword, no electric discharge, no venom, no talons, no beak, no teeth." Also, "it has no bones, no blood, no flesh." The novelist would have left us in an anguish of doubt as to what the subject of his description did possess, had he not condescended to explain that "it is an empty flask, a skin with nothing inside it. Its eight tentacles may be turned inside out like the fingers of a glove." This monster may be supposed to have been created after the manner of the brewer's cask: he "took a bung-hole and put a barrel around it." Mr. Hugo describes the sensation of being devoured by one of these creatures in the following terms: "You enter into the beast, the hydra incorporates itself with the man; the man is amalgamated with the hydra. You become one. The tiger can only devour you; the devil-fish inhales you. He draws you to him, into him, and, bound and helpless, you feel yourself emptied into this frightful sac, which is a monster. To be eaten alive is more than terrible; but to be drunk alive is inexpressible."

Opposed to the creation of the novelist's imagination, Mr. Lee's devil-fish is an utterly tame and uninteresting monster. Half the romance of horror that surrounds the creature is crushed out by the naturalist's oppressive facts. The "blasphemy of creation" becomes an ordinary octopus, disgusting enough, but no longer thrillingly horrible. According to his calculation, backed by experience, a devil-fish whose arms were thirty-nine inches long (the admitted length of the one in question) would only have a body as large as a soda-water bottle, or a Florence flask such as olive-oil is sold in. After supping on horrors to such an extent, it is mournful to have one arise and set us straight, like Mr. Dick, with the information that the capacity of the monster into which the man was incorporated and amalgamated and drunk alive could not have exceeded that of a soda-water bottle. "Most lame and impotent conclusion!" Yet Mr. Henry Lee, the naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium, speaks with a voice of authority, and to his admirable little treatise on "The Octopus, or Devil-Fish of Fiction and of Fact," we are indebted for more correct notions of this hideous creature.

The ordinary octopus found along the shores of Great Britain possesses arms less than two feet in length. On the northern coasts of France it seldom or never arrives at a length of three feet in the arm, though along the Spanish and Italian shores of the Mediterranean it sometimes exceeds it. These tentacles are described as eight radiating, supple, tapering thongs, so attached to the head of the creature as to form a circle or coronet around the mouth. In ordinary specimens they are from eighteen inches to two feet long, and on each of them are mounted, in a double row, numerous sucking disks, which decrease in size toward the tips of the limbs, and act as so many dry cupping glasses. The octopus can swim upon occasion, but its ordinary habit is either to rest suspended to the side of a rock, to which it clings with the suckers of several of its arms, or to remain lurking in some favorite cranny, its bright eyes keenly on the watch, three or four of its limbs firmly attached to the walls of its hiding-place, the others gently waving, glid-

ing, and feeling about in the water, always on the alert, and in readiness to pounce on any unfortunate victim. To small fish, crustacean or mollusk, the slightest contact with even one of these little arms is fatal. Instantaneously as pull of trigger brings down a bird, or touch of electric wire explodes a mine, the pistons of the series of suckers are simultaneously drawn inward, and a vacuum created. The victim tries to escape, but arm after arm, provided with a horrid battery of inverted air-guns, is brought to bear, and nothing can relax their power but the destruction of the air-pump that works them. The action of an octopus seizing its prey is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and escape quite as unlikely.

The octopus has a complete and perfect muscular organization. The head contains a brain, from which arises a system of nerves; and the animal has a sense of smell and organs of hearing and taste, besides those which are apparent on its exterior, namely, of sight and touch. Instead of having "no blood," it is furnished with a complete circulatory apparatus. The so-called "empty pouch" contains one systemic and two branchial hearts, a stomach, gizzard, and intestines, and altogether the creature is provided with all the organs necessary to a comfortable existence. Mr. Lee suggests that if the novelist were to "trust his finger in the circular orifice in the centre of the base of the arms, he would possibly learn practically that it was not "an empty flask with nothing in it" with which he had to deal. A sharp nip might perhaps teach him that there were not only muscles, but a mouth and a head also. For just within the oral cavity lie, retracted and hidden, but ready for use when wanted, a pair of horny mandibles which bite vertically like the beak of a parrot, except that the lower mandible is the longest and overlaps the upper. Both are so hard that they can not only tear the softer animals, but also break up the shells of lobsters, crabs, and mussels." The octopus and other cephalopods obtain and eat their food very much like rapacious birds. They are the falcons of the sea. All tear the flesh with their beaks, and swallow and digest their food in as unromantic fashion as does a hawk or vulture. So far from inhaling a man at a single breath, even a moderate-sized specimen of the *genus homo* would supply the larder of an octopus for some time. The principal danger to be dreaded from these creatures is the tenacity of their hold. The floating power of a man is only between five and six pounds. The grasp of an ordinary octopus, holding to a rock, would not be less than thirty or forty, according to calculation. Thus they are able to drown a swimmer without difficulty, provided they can attach themselves to some rock upon the bottom or sides. Possessing such an advantage in their greater length of arm, the victim is helpless.

When quiet, the color of the octopus is a mottled brown, but it assimilates itself as much as possible to the rock to which it may be clinging. The moment it begins to swim it assumes a deeper hue, usually a dark, dingy red, but sometimes tending toward purple. This chameleon-like change is voluntary on the part of the octopus, which thus endeavors to escape the observation that may involve danger. Beneath its thin and transparent outer skin are cells visible in the layer below, which contain pigment matter of yellow, blue, and red. By the contraction and expansion of the cells, prominence is given to one or another of these colors at the will of the owner; and not only do the spots appear and fade and alternate in position, but, like human beings, the octopus turns pale when exhausted, and flushes red under the influence of anger or excitement.

Mr. Lee tells us that the first octopus received at the Brighton Aquarium was caught in a lobster-pot at Eastbourne in October, 1872, and great was the joy that reigned in "London-by-the-sea." For in the state of public feeling then existing, an aquarium without an octopus was like a plum-pudding without plums. The newcomer became the hero of the hour. Visitors jostled each other, and waited their turn to catch a peep at him. Though but a miserable little imp, too insignificant to be worthy of his name, he continued to attract universal attention, until one day he was reported "missing." His career, though brilliant, was short, and his end sudden and shocking. Some dogfish had been temporarily placed within the same tank, and no idea of hostilities was entertained by the keepers. But simultaneously with the disappearance of the octopus, it was observed that one of them manifested a most unusual corpulence. This attempt at aldermanic proportions cost him his life. Less fortunate than Jonah, the octopus was restored to the gaze of the public, unmutilated, entire, but—dead. Brighton refused to be comforted, the press teemed with notices of "the tragic fate of the octopus," and London papers went so far as to publish sympathetic leaders on the subject. For two months the loss was not repaired; but with the opening of spring facilities for obtaining them were increased, and at one time it seemed as if devil-fish were becoming so abundant that the crime for which the dogfish was punished with death would assume the benevolent character of an intent to rid the public of a nuisance.

But the morals of an octopus are even worse than those of a dogfish. In May, 1873, there was consternation in the Brighton Aquarium once more. Almost daily there was a fresh and inexplicable vacancy in the family circle. Morning after morning a handbill might have been issued: "Missing! Lost, strayed, or stolen—a young lump-sucker, rather below the middle size, and enormously stout; had on a bright blue coat, with several rows of buttons, and a waistcoat of lighter color." Where were they? If the fish had died, they would have been found in the tank. There was nothing that could have eaten them, and, considering their obesity, they could no more have jumped out of their tank than the fat boy in *Pickwick* could have leaped a five-barred gate. One morning the problem was solved. An octopus was found among them, looking as innocent as if he had simply dropped in on his neighbors for a friendly visit. By no means confined to his native element, it appeared on watching him that he had a taste for midnight strolls, and by adapting a few of his superfluous arms to the ordinary uses of legs, he would meander over to his neighbors' tank, and, having helped himself to a young and tender lump-fish, return home with a well-filled stomach and a contented mind. On the occasion of his discovery it would seem as if, overcome by his debauch, he had felt indisposed for further locomotion, and, like revelers of another species, desired to conclude the night's work by a nap under the table.

Not content with depriving us of our devil-fish, Mr. Lee also aims a blow at our "fairy skimmer of the seas," the paper-nautilus. Instead of floating in its pleasure-boat over the sea, the argonaut ordinarily crawls along the bottom, carrying its shell above it, keel uppermost. The broad extremities of the two arms are not hoisted as sails, but are used as a kind of hood by which the animal retains the shell in its proper position. The "paper-sailor," whom the poets have regarded as endowed with so much grace and beauty, and living in luxurious ease, is but a fine-lady octopus. Turn her out of her handsome residence, and you will find her what Mr. Mantalini would have described as a "demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body," very like her sprawling relative, the devil-fish.

In reply to Mr. Hugo's exciting question, "What are we to do with these chosen forms of evil, which are phantoms as much as monsters, amphibiæ of death, visible extremities of black circles?" Mr. Lee again emulates the laconic Mr. Dick, and replies, "Eat 'em." Although cephalopods are seldom eaten in Great Britain, they are appreciated as food by nearly all other maritime countries. Along the western coast of France, and in countries bordering on the Mediterranean and Adriatic, they form a portion of the habitual sustenance of the people. Salted octopus is eaten there during Lent as commonly as salted cod in our own country. The Indians of Western America look upon them as the proverbial alderman regards turtle.

In short, the creature, whose characteristics and habits have been described in a manner to "harrow up our souls, freeze our young blood, and cause our matted and combined locks to part, and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine," is an ordinary little beast that can be caught in a lobster-pot and eaten in a brown stew. His personal appearance is certainly "agin him," but he has his good points. He is cheap and nourishing, and a valuable addition to the food of the poor. Epicures have been known to take delight in him, and he was a favorite among the ancients. According to Machon, it was through too great a fondness for devil-fish that Philoxenus of Cythera was lost to the world.

"They say Philoxenus, the ancient poet
Of dithyrambics, was so wonderfully
Attached to fish that once at Syracuse
He bought a polypus two cubits long,
Then dress'd it, and then ate it up himself,
All but the head—and afterward fell sick,
Seized with a sharp attack of indigestion.
Then when some doctor came to him to see him,
Who saw that he was greatly out of order,
'If,' said the doctor, 'you have any business
Not well arranged, do not delay to settle it,
For you will die before six hours are over!'
Philoxenus replied, 'All my affairs,
O doctor, are well ended and arranged
Long, long ago; but now, since deadly fate
Calls me away, who can't be disobeyed,
That I may go below with all my goods,
Bring me the relics of that polypus!'"

CENTENNIAL VIEWS.

The prominent location in the Main Exhibition Building, Machinery Hall, and, in fact, as far as possible in each department, has been designated for Great Britain. Undoubtedly effort has been made to afford the greatest possible facility to the exhibitors, and the gentlemen comprised in the Commission from the British Empire have, as they express it, met with courtesy and willing assistance from every hand. The house selected as head-quarters, shown on page 324, is known to Philadelphians as the "Judge Kelley house." Situated in West Philadelphia, within a short walk of the Main Exhibition Building, it is convenient to the city, and at the same time sufficiently remote from the business streets to enable the Commissioners to enjoy the quiet which will be necessary to enable them to thoroughly attend to their really onerous duties.

The house is an old-fashioned structure, square, two-storied, and commodious. The grounds surrounding it occupy nearly the entire square bounded by Fortieth, Forty-first, and Hutton streets. The mansion is perfectly shaded, and the fruit trees, greenhouses, and shrubbery bear evidence that Judge Kelley is something of an agriculturist as well as assistant head nurse to rag dollies. His library, which is placed entirely at the disposal of the Commissioners, seems more the collection of the worker than that of a book-fancier, and has already rendered useful information to the industrious workers connected with the Commission. It is pleasant to state here that one of the prominent Commissioners remarked to our artist that he "could not but be astonished at the rapidity with which the buildings have been constructed; at the same time, at no point could you discover any evidence of imperfect or slighty workmanship. Vienna! My dear Sir, I have been delegated to each Exhibition since '51. We have never seen any thing like this. We came expecting to have great preparatory work to do, and with an organized force selected for that purpose. We found our space marked off, the floor cleared away, and the whole arranged by means of plans marked with minute squares. Very different from Vienna. There we had to wait for a roof over our goods; here we have to wait impatiently for our goods. There is no doubt to us but what all of the principal structures will be in complete condition by the date designated for the opening—an extraordinary thing, so far as our experience goes." The Commissioner then commented upon the advanced state in which he had found the work upon the grounds: grades all stated, walks and avenues laid out, trees and shrubbery set, lawns and slopes grassed—in fact, every thing nearly ready for the genial warmth of May days' sun to aid in the completion of contemplated effect so well planned, and thus far so perfectly executed.

The past winter has been exceptionally mild. The frost has not penetrated the ground to any great depth, and even then not permanently. For this reason, the work of the landscape gardener has not been as difficult as was anticipated, and the laborers have been kept busily employed throughout the entire season. In moving and transplanting the indeciduous trees, large trucks drawn by three mules each have been used, and thus far the gardeners feel that their work has been entirely successful. The natural beauty of the grounds has been added to greatly, and it really seems, judging from the present aspect, that the visitor will be repaid for his visit to the Centennial Exhibition grounds if he simply views the exterior of the buildings and the tastefully laid out grounds.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL, 1876.

Sunday,	23.—First Sunday after Easter.
Tuesday,	25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	30.—Second Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Monday,	1.—St. Philip and St. James.
Sunday,	7.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	14.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	21.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	25.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	28.—Sunday after Ascension.
Monday,	1.—General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore; General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Georgia.
Thursday,	18.—General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Savannah, Georgia.
Wednesday	24.—General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

The May Assemblies and Conferences for 1876 will be both numerous and important. The Methodist Episcopal General Conference, which begins, in Baltimore, on the 1st of May, is the second in which lay delegates will appear. The system of lay representation in this great body appears to work smoothly, and to the satisfaction of all parties. The presiding eldership will be an important topic of discussion in the coming General Conference. A strong disposition has been manifested to modify this office, although the plans of modification suggested are by no means harmonious. The Presbyterian General Assembly, which meets in Dr. Talmage's Church, Brooklyn, May 18, will have before it, among other questions, that of synodical representation. The fate of the overture which proposed this change, and which was sent down to the Presbyteries for approval, is at present in doubt. Whether this, or the Southern Assembly, which meets in Savannah on the same day, will consider again the topic of fraternal relations, is not clear. On the 17th of May the triennial session of the Moravian Provincial Synod for the Province of North America will begin its sessions at Nazareth, Pennsylvania. The members of the Synod are the ministers of the province in active service, and deputies of the congregations, together with the provincial officials and bishops. The American bishops of the Moravian Church are H. Shultz, E. de Schweinitz, A. A. Reinke, and E. A. de Schweinitz.

"Baptist Social Unions" are growing to be numerous, are evidently active, and yet, outside of the great denomination whose name they bear, but little understood. A description, from a Baptist paper, of "the mother of them all," the Union of Boston, may perhaps serve as a general explanation. It has 250 membrs, and meets on the last Monday evening of each month. "The gatherings of this body," reports our authority, "are delightful. The cold turkey, lobster salad, escaloped oysters, and hot coffee are always excellent, the speaking has a judicious blending of good, bad, and indifferent, and the evening is always enjoyable." There is to be a General Convention of the Baptist Social Unions in Philadelphia, May 30, which, with similar attractions, will no doubt be very "enjoyable."

Facts continually appear which show the permanence of the impression made by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Great Britain. The noonday prayer-meeting is still maintained in Edinburgh. The Rev. George Müller, the well-known director of the Bristol Orphanage, has been recently holding conferences in Edinburgh, and addressing large congregations. The Manchester Sacred Song Association, composed of members of the choir which aided Mr. Sankey in that city, has for fifteen months been holding services in public halls, ragged schools, reformatories, work-houses, and churches. The effect has been very salutary. The association is composed of one hundred members.

The Waldensian Church of Italy, besides the sixteen parishes in the valleys where it has been so long established, has also forty congregations and ten missionary stations. In Genoa there are 150 communicants, in Milan 140, in Florence 135, in Rome 103, in Naples 102, in Palermo 80. The total number of communicants is 2140. Their missions are aided by a central committee in England, which contributed in 1875 $10,000.

The record of Baptist liberality in the United States during the last hundred years, as made up by the Rev. Dr. George W. Anderson, presents very large aggregates. The following are the items:

Houses of worship................	$39,229,221
Home missions....................	6,000,000
General and ministerial education.	11,000,000
Sunday-schools...................	10,000,000
Publication Society..............	866,057
Foreign missions.................	6,000,000
Bible Society....................	2,000,000
Total....................	$75,095,278

One of the Boston religious papers daguerreotypes very neatly the three leading preachers of that city, Messrs. Phillips Brooks, W. H. H. Murray, and Dr. Lorrimer. Mr. Brooks "has an immense frame, a fine voice which he does not know how to use, speaking with a rapidity which is almost painful to the listener, but saying something in every sentence worth hearing and worth remembering. He is a man of marked culture and broad views, a Low-Churchman, and almost a liberal in theology." Mr. Murray "every Sabbath fills Music-Hall. He lectures, edits a paper, drives a fast horse—several of them—keeps himself in the front, and draws a crowd. He has an immense choir, supported at a great cost. The musical feature of the worship is very prominent." His average congregation is two thousand persons. Dr. Lorrimer is a stirring evangelist as well as a faithful pastor. "Located in Tremont Temple, he is doing an amount of hard work under which most men would break down in six months. Morning and afternoon that spacious hall is crowded, and from night to night the revival work goes on in the lecture-room below. These three men, unlike in physical stature, mental characteristics, theological views, and private life, draw the largest audiences in Boston."

A writer in the *Congregationalist* presents facts intended to show that Harvard College is not, in any exact sense, Unitarian. It is true that the members of the Board of Overseers are, by a decided majority, Unitarians, but, says this writer, they do not attempt to conduct the college on Unitarian principles. "*As governing bodies*, the corporation and the Board of Overseers no more deserve to be called Unitarian, Episcopal, or Congregational than the Massachusetts Legislature deserves to be called Pantheistic or Rationalistic." The members of the last class that graduated were, as to their religious views, divided as follows: Unitarian, 39; Episcopal, 35; Congregationalist, 23; Baptist, 11; Presbyterian, 6; Liberal, 4; Methodist, 2; Roman Catholic, 2; Universalist, 2; Rationalist, 1; undecided, 23. This shows for that class a majority of members holding the orthodox faith. There are three religious societies in the institution, of which the largest has over sixty members. The Episcopal students have a society numbering thirty-five members. There is also a society composed wholly of students who contemplate entering the Christian ministry.

Some one has undertaken a summary of the denominational relations of the delegates to the Convention held recently in the New York Hippodrome under the direction of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, with this result: Of the 4183 present, there were Presbyterians, 873; Baptists, 557; Congregationalists, 430; Episcopalians, 146; Reformed, 455; Methodists, 556; Lutherans, 38; Universalists and Unitarians, 9; Friends, 10; Hebrew, 1; Moravians, 5; Independents, 12; Young Men's Christian Association, 296; not stated, 795. Twenty-two States and Territories and one Province were represented, but more than half of the delegates were from the State of New York.

The American Palestine Exploring Expedition will send soon to the United States photographic views of the region east of the Jordan which its members have explored. These will include pictures of temples, theatres, castles, gateways, towns, and cities, and representing various civilizations.

The religious spirit which is so active in the United States has spread into France. A Ministerial Conference on the principles of the Evangelical Alliance and the Christian Union has been lately held in Paris, which was attended by forty-five ministers, representing six denominations. The meetings were held in a Wesleyan chapel, a Lutheran church, and a Reformed church.

The question whether Southern Presbyterians would be cordially invited to the World's Conference of Presbyterians has been settled beyond all doubt by a letter from Professor Blaikie, of Edinburgh, to the Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Virginia. Professor Blaikie is the convener or chairman of the Committee of Arrangements in Scotland. "There are a few men," writes Professor Blaikie, "connected with each Church whose presence will go far to make the meeting of the Council a great success. Among these we include yourself, Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, and Dr. Stuart Robinson, of Louisville. We were all delighted to have Dr. Stuart Robinson in London. We do hope that the Southern Church will send its best men, and I am sure Edinburgh will give them a very cordial welcome."

In order to satisfy his own mind, Dr. Field, of the *Evangelist*, has been examining the character of the converts to Christianity in India. "I have," he says, "attended their religious services, and have met them socially, and, so far as I could judge, I have never seen more simple-minded Christians. Some of them are very intelligent also, as much so as the best-instructed members of American churches. They have faced opposition and odium which would shake the courage of almost any one, to become Christians. When a Hindoo becomes a Christian he is literally an outcast. His own intimate friends will not know him. To his relatives he is *dead*, and they go through with the funeral rites as if he were no more in this world. The pastor of the native church at Bombay has thus been buried or burned by his own family."

THE DEMOCRATIC TIGER-IN-THE-MANGER, AND THE SUBMISSIVE (M)ASSES.

"THE SECRET DRAWER."—[FROM A PAINTING BY A. SIMONETTI.]

MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS.

MANY a mysterious rumbling, a trembling if not a booming, has been fairly attributed to distant cannonading heard over wide stretches of sea, and sometimes of land. Supposing the statements to be correct, many of the recorded examples are notable enough. The evening gun at Plymouth has been heard at Ilfracombe, sixty miles off. Rather more than this is the distance from Holyhead to Kingstown, near Dublin, a distance traveled by the audible sound of a salute from a fleet of war ships. Cannonading off the coast of Essex has been heard at Cambridge, and off the North Foreland at London—distances of seventy or eighty miles. The booming of great guns has been heard from Messina to Syracuse, from Genoa to Leghorn, from Portsmouth to Hereford—distances of ninety to a hundred miles. Great explosions of gunpowder, in powder-works and in magazines, are said to have been heard at distances nearly as great as these. Guns fired at Carlscrona have been heard in Denmark, across the whole breadth of Sweden, a hundred and twenty miles off. At two or three places on the coast of Kent, it is said, the cannonading at Waterloo was heard, the distance being very considerably over a hundred miles. The terrible firing of the Federals and Confederates at the battle of Gettysburg, during the American civil war, made itself heard a hundred and thirty miles off; and it is even said that gun-firing at Stockholm was once heard at a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, and that cannonading in the German Ocean was audible at Shrewsbury, two hundred miles off. But if for cannonading we substitute the mightiest sounds of nature, great volcanic eruptions, we leave such distances far behind. Sir Stamford Raffles and other reliable authorities tell us that the tremendous volcanic eruption at Sumbawa Island, in the Eastern Archipelago, was heard *nine hundred miles away.*

There is often something very mysterious in sounds when we are deceived as to the direction whence they come, even when the sounds themselves are of a familiar kind; and if we are deceived both as to direction and distance, the mystery grows in interest. One of the best examples of this was the exhibition known as the "Invisible Girl," pleasing in itself and scientific in action. In the middle of an exhibition room was a small globe of copper or brass, suspended by strings or ribbons from a canopy, and in contact with nothing but those ribbons, except that four trumpet mouths opened from the four sides of the globe. On speaking into one of these mouths and asking questions, a tiny voice answered from the globe itself, speaking in three or four languages, according to the requirements of the question, and singing at intervals. The globe was only a foot or so in diameter; but so completely did the voice seem to come from it, and so delicate and subdued was it in tone, that the effect produced upon the audience was striking. The mode of producing the sounds was scientifically complete. A frame-work that surrounded the ball had an air-tube along one horizontal bar and down one leg;

when a spectator spoke or whispered into one of the trumpet mouths, the sound was echoed by the hollow of the globe back into the concealed tube, and conveyed into an adjoining apartment, where they were heard by a lady confederate, who whispered back the answer. The voice seemed to come from a tiny being located in the small globe itself.

It has been pretty well ascertained, in regard to mysterious sounds coming from masses of stone, that the sonorous effects admit of a scientific explanation. At Solfatara, near Naples, when the ground at a certain spot is struck by throwing a large stone against it, a peculiar hollow sound is distinctly heard. This, it is believed, is due to one of three causes: there are large cavities beneath, or there are partial echoes in the porous stone, or there is a reverberation from the surrounding hills. Humboldt describes a gigantic mountain in the Orinoco region as "one of those from which travelers have heard from time to time, toward sunrise, subterranean sounds resembling those of an organ. The missionaries call that stone *loxas de musica*. 'It is witchcraft,' said our young Indian guide. The sound is only heard when a person lies down on the rock, with his ear close to the surface." Humboldt expressed a belief that the rock contains a multitude of deep and narrow crevices, that the temperature of the crevices is different from that of the open air, that a sonorous current slowly issues to sunrise, and that the sound is probably due to this issuing current striking against thin films of mica in the granite. Near Tor, in Arabia Petræa, is a mountain which gives forth a curious sound. A legend is current among the natives to the effect that a convent of monks is miraculously preserved underground, and that the sound is produced by the *nakous*, a long metallic bar suspended horizontally, which a priest strikes with a hammer to summon the monks to prayers. A Greek is even said to have seen the mountain open, and to have descended into the subterranean convent, where he found fine gardens and delicious water; and in order to give proof of this descent, he produced some fragments of consecrated bread, which he pretended to have brought from the under-ground convent. Seetzen, the first European traveler who visited this spot, played sad havoc with this imaginative picture. Accompanied by some Greeks and Arabs, he found a bare rock of hard sandstone, inscribed with Greek, Arabic, and Coptic characters. He came to the conclusion, on close examination, that the surfaces of two inclined planes of sandstone are covered with loose disintegrated sand, and that this sand, in gradually rolling down, produced a sound like the swelling and waning tone of a humming-top.

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watery or weak, feel dull and stupid or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured that you have the Catarrh. Thousands annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy — a perfect specific for Catarrh, "Cold in the head," or Catarrhal Headache.—[*Com.*]

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Greatest Real Estate Enterprise Known.
Shares, $100 Each,
Payable $8 Monthly,
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Each Shareholder will have One Lot,
WHILE THE MOST FORTUNATE ONE WILL RECEIVE A
$10,000 MANSION
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Of the BEST LAND on the MAIN STREET, and but two blocks from the Railroad Station

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Drawing at Third Avenue Theatre,
WHICH BUILDING WILL COMFORTABLY SEAT
1700,
In Presence of the Shareholders,
TO WHICH ONLY THOSE SHOWING CERTIFICATES WILL BE ADMITTED ON
Monday, October 30, 1876.

Two wheels will be provided—one holding the names of shareholders and the other holding the numbers of the plots and lots. A name and number will be drawn simultaneously until both wheels are empty and the awards called, each shareholder being entitled to whichever his number designates as shown on the map.

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SEVEN AWARDS of Sixteen Lot Plots, at $1000 each.
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TEN AWARDS of Four Lot Plots, valued at $500 each.
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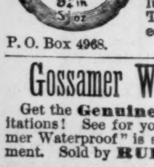

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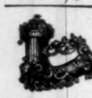

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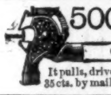

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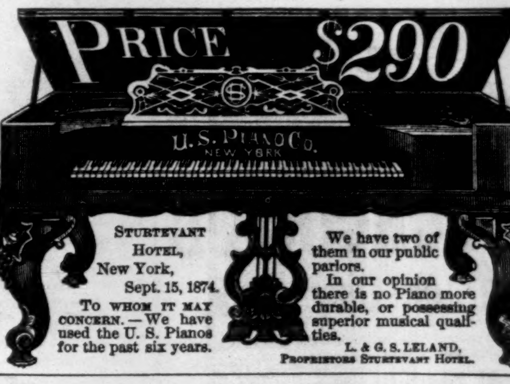

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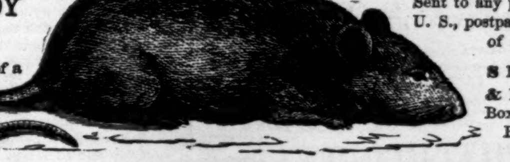

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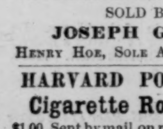
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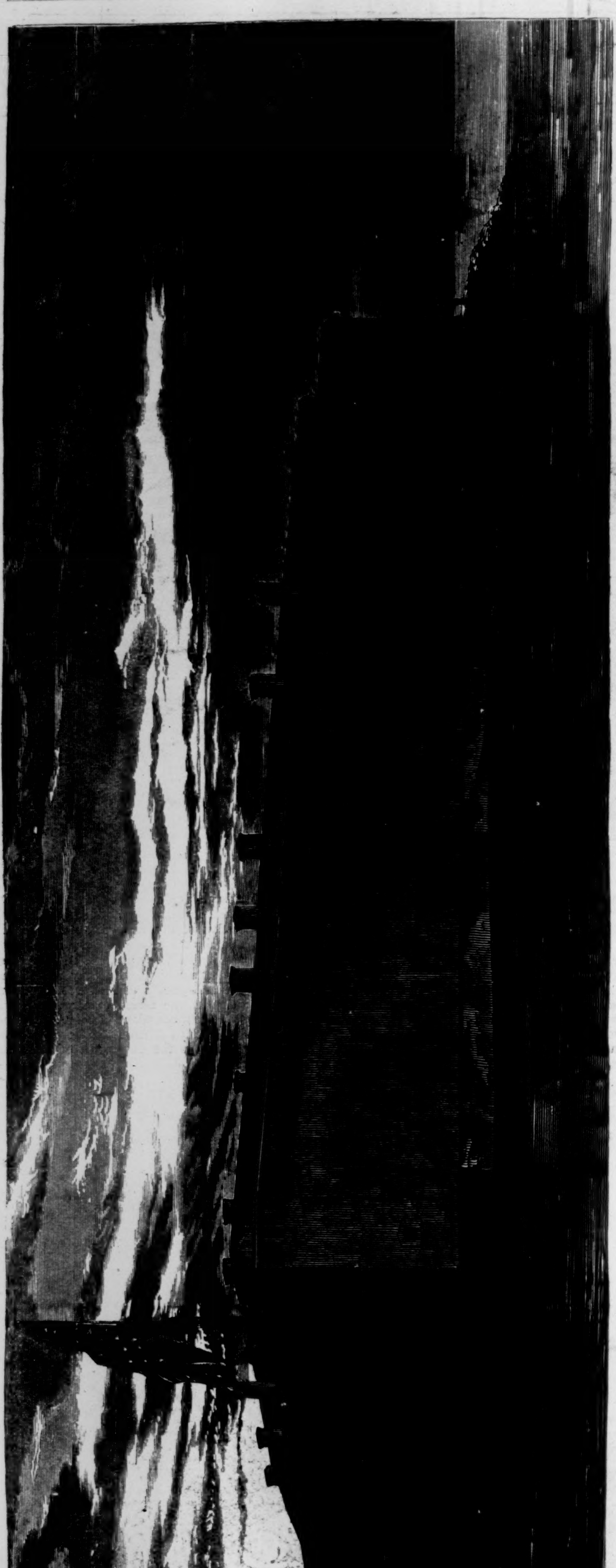
TWO PHASES OF LIFE.

THE artist who designed the illustrations on this page seems to have had in mind the well-known line in Horace,

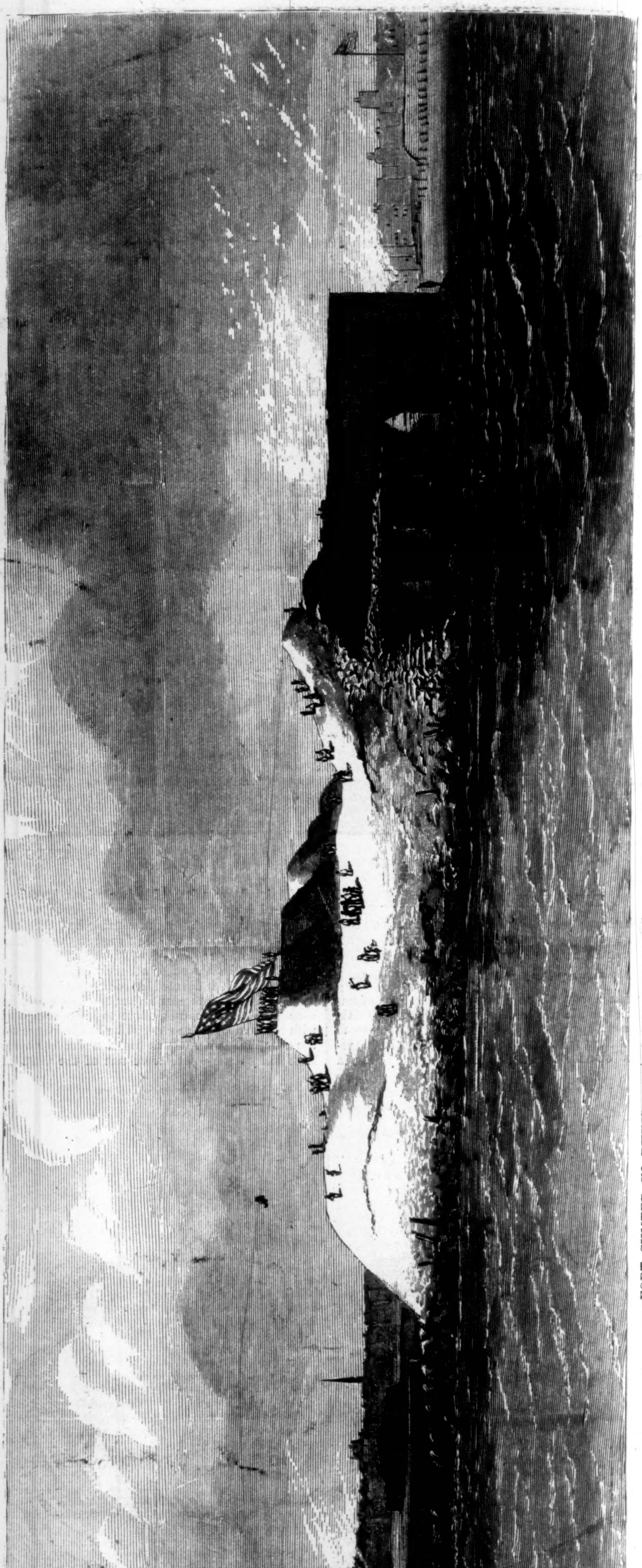
Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret—

"You may by violence check the impulses of nature, but she will still resume her sway." His thought appears to have been that, despite some illustrious examples to the contrary, woman's disposition naturally rebels against drudgery even in professional pursuits. Let her adopt learning, and read for a degree, nature will assert itself in the elegant parasol, the fashionable hat, the delicate little boots, and will be found in the curious and laughable mêlée of wardrobe and library which the artist has so humorously depicted. So, too, to the maid devoted to domestic drudgery there will come a moment when the kettle will be consigned to the carpet, there to keep company with the dust-pan, the cat will be left in peace on the sofa, and, with hearth-brush under her arm, Miss Mary Jane—perchance one of the class of servants known in England as "lady helps"—will pass a few moments in converse with the great masters of harmony, or perhaps in spelling out the notes of the latest popular street melody. We observe, by-the-way, that "lady helps" are becoming quite popular in England, where many young women have discovered that domestic service in good families is preferable to the precarious life of sewing-girls, and even to that of the ordinary governess. English papers appear to regard this as a very important movement in the direction of domestic reform. Is it not one which might be tried to advantage in our own country? Domestic service is certainly quite as respectable as the position of a sewing-girl, and while the work is generally not so wearing as bending over a sewing-machine all day, there is the assurance of a comfortable home and plenty to eat, and none of the annoyances which beset the wearisome journey in the street cars, morning and night, to and from the place of labor. The notion which so many entertain that domestic service is degrading is the outgrowth of false and foolish pride.

ARTISTIC RECREATION.



FORT SUMTER BEFORE THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT.



FORT SUMTER IN RUINS—AFTER THE SURRENDER OF CHARLESTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER.

A THRILLING STORY.

GENERAL DOUBLEDAY's reminiscences* recall the history of a remarkable period, closing with the fall of Fort Sumter. Few in the North in that eventful year understood the cruel fanaticism of the Southern leaders, or supposed that they could possibly desire, with no apparent provocation, to plunge into bloodshed and all the crimes of civil war. But to Captain DOUBLEDAY, then second in command of the small garrison in Charleston Harbor, their design was perfectly plain as early as the summer of 1860. He was stationed in Fort Moultrie, with a garrison of sixty-one enlisted men, seven officers, and a band of thirteen musicians. To defend the fort three hundred men would scarcely have sufficed. Its walls were crumbling into ruin, a heap of sand had gathered against its front, it was wholly defenseless on the land side. Charleston, meantime, through all this memorable summer, was blazing with a strange excitement. Its soldiers were constantly drilling, the flag of the Union floating over the harbor seemed to excite their passionate hatred, and they threatened to capture the forts at the moment secession should be declared. EDMUND RUFFIN, a pro-slavery madman who was noted afterward for firing the first gun at Fort Sumter, and who, when the rebellion was suppressed, died by his own hand, came from Richmond, his native city, to examine with jealous eyes the poor defenses of the garrison. R. B. RHETT and the leaders of the violent faction in the city urged the people to drive every national official from the State. A fierce and cruel aristocracy forced the small community into a hopeless rebellion, and perished at last in their guilt.

It could scarcely have been a pleasant summer for the little garrison in Fort Moultrie. Colonel GARDNER, who commanded them, was a worn-out veteran, and a violent secessionist. He was anxious to abandon the fort. Captain DOUBLEDAY was known to be a loyal man, and his life was often threatened by the Charleston rebels. They promised to hang him whenever he fell in their power. But still more dangerous to the weak garrison than all the army of Charleston and the threats of the disaffected, at this time and for many months afterward, was the secret treason that ruled at Washington and controlled the administration of BUCHANAN. Abandoned by their proper protectors, betrayed by the disloyal head of the War Department, Captain DOUBLEDAY and his faithful officers and men watched through the long days of the summer of 1860, and far into the winter, and then into the spring, for help that never came. They almost knew that they were betrayed. Colonel GARDNER refused to permit any guns to be mounted, or suffer any repairs. FLOYD, the traitorous Secretary of War, who was also a defaulter for a great sum, dispatched his agent and friend, Major FITZ JOHN PORTER, to examine their poor defenses, and probably told their weakness to the enemy. FLOYD sent 17,000 stand of arms to the insurgents, but when forty muskets were obtained by Lieutenant FOSTER to enable the workmen in Forts Sumter and Pinckney to defend themselves, FLOYD telegraphed an order that they should be sent back immediately. The Southern States had been amply supplied with arms by this rare Secretary of War, and yet we are asked to believe, on the authority of FITZ JOHN PORTER, that FLOYD remained loyal and faithful until his frauds were discovered, about the close of December, 1860. The garrison were still left without re-enforcements, provisions, or arms. Meanwhile the whole country seemed to have abandoned them. The summer glided away. The news from the North was disheartening. The city of New York, where they might best look for aid, was apparently as disloyal as Charleston. FERNANDO WOOD was its Mayor; he was ready to rise in rebellion with his allies in South Carolina. "I heard with profound indignation," says General DOUBLEDAY, "of the case of a poor seamstress from New York, who had been sent to jail in Charleston simply for stating that she did not believe in the institution of slavery. She appealed to the Mayor of New York, FERNANDO WOOD, for aid, but he replied that he was rejoiced she was in prison, and hoped she would be kept there." WOOD afterward, sustained by his Irish Catholic supporters, endeavored to send arms to the insurgents, and urged, in a message to the Common Council, that New York, like Charleston, should secede from the Union.

November came. The beleaguered garrison heard that their fate would be determined in the autumn election, and the violence of the Carolinians rose into a wild rage as the moment approached when the nation was to decide between slavery and freedom. Charleston was again mad with fierce excitement. No loyal man dared venture among its people. Even loyal women and the Union officers' wives, like the poor seamstress, felt the insults and the rage of the secessionists. No aid came from Washington, nor even news; and Colonel GARDNER, now alarmed at the prospect of a sudden attack, wrote to FLOYD that he was in want of provisions, arms, and means of defense. The Secretary, in reply, expressed his regret, and gave nothing. Every night the weary garrison watched, each man an hour, and paced the walls expecting the enemy. November 7, the news of LINCOLN's election filled the secessionists with a real joy. The Legislature met; a Convention was called. The mob of the city threatened the fort, but the guns were now loaded with canister, and our author amused himself by firing now and then a howitzer charged with heavy shot and exploding small mines of shell. The militia on the shore seemed afterward to be less eager to mount the walls. On the 21st of November Major ANDERSON arrived to take the command in the place of Colonel GARDNER. He was honest, kind, polite; an excellent officer, "a strong pro-slavery man," but apparently opposed to secession. The insurgents had now resolved to make their attack, and the approaching battle of Fort Moultrie was openly talked of all over the State. Yet Major ANDERSON had brought no re-enforcements or supplies for the little garrison. They were dependent even for their food upon the tolerance of the secessionists in the city. It was plain that sixty or seventy men were unable to hold any fort, and the necessary duties of the garrison during a six months' siege had worn upon their strength with natural severity. The loyal officers were DOUBLEDAY, SEYMOUR, FOSTER, JEFFERSON C. DAVIS, and several younger men. Their commander can not be numbered among the friends of the Union. He never pretended to adopt warmly the national side, and his conduct toward the secessionists served to convince our author that Major ANDERSON was always opposed to an active resistance to rebellion. The loyal garrison—for ANDERSON alone was doubtful or unfaithful—were now weighed down by watching and fatigue. More than once Mrs. SEYMOUR and Mrs. DOUBLEDAY took their husbands' places upon the ramparts, and acted as sentinels while they slept. In December they were still forgotten or neglected at the North. Congress met, but gave them no aid. In this singular condition of indecision, no one cared to help the loyal garrison at Charleston. FLOYD alone watched them keenly. In December he sent DON CARLOS BUELL, like PORTER, his friend and agent, to ANDERSON, with written orders directing him not to provoke hostilities, but to resist to the last if attacked. BUELL even discouraged the garrison from making defensive preparations, lest they "might irritate the people," and General DOUBLEDAY thinks it probable that Major ANDERSON was bound by some secret instructions from FLOYD not to resist the enemy at all. A mystery still envelops ANDERSON's conduct, and he seems to have been prevented by some hidden influence from using even the commonest means of self-preservation. FLOYD had sent one hundred and fifty workmen to repair the forts in Charleston Harbor, but they were nearly all secessionists from Baltimore, and gave the garrison no help. It was supposed that FLOYD was repairing the forts for the benefit of the insurgents, to whom he hoped to deliver them.

On the 20th of December the Convention met at Charleston, and amidst wild cries of savage enthusiasm, withdrew South Carolina from the Union. The conspiracy which CALHOUN had planned was at last perfected, and the little community of slave-holders had fulfilled after many years the designs of their active agitator. Charleston rang with shouts and cheers; the secessionists were full of hope; yet the State was already burdened with a heavy debt, and its commerce had passed away to Savannah. If RHETT and his followers had been urged on by an absurd self-esteem, an unreasoning ambition to rule, they must already have felt some doubt of the final gratification of their lawless desires. One or two Union men remained wise in the midst of a company of folly. A venerable lawyer, Judge PETIGREW, even wept over the madness of his people. Some one asked him if he did not intend to join the secession movement. "I should think not," he replied: "South Carolina is too small for a republic, and too large for a lunatic asylum." The garrison in Fort Moultrie could hear the shouts of their enemies in the city. They knew that FLOYD, COBB, TOUCEY, and THOMPSON, of BUCHANAN's cabinet, were traitors worse than the Charleston leaders. Soon orders came from FLOYD to Captain FOSTER to mount the guns on Fort Sumter, and they felt that if the order were obeyed, they would be commanded by its superior strength, that the insurgents would seize its unguarded walls, and turn its artillery upon Moultrie. This was probably FLOYD's design. The officers now pressed ANDERSON to remove to Sumter, and at last he yielded to their advice. The work of repairs was still kept up at Fort Moultrie, while the garrison were to be taken to the stronger fort whenever they could escape the vigilance of the foe. Fort Sumter was built on an artificial island formed of large blocks of stone. Its walls were of dark brick, designed for three tiers of guns. Gloomy and prison-like in appearance, it rose abruptly out of the water in the narrowest part of Charleston Harbor. For some time it had been used as a prison for negroes captured in a slaver, and it still retained traces of their occupation. From Fort Moultrie it was distant about a mile, and over this long expanse the armed steamers of the secessionists were constantly passing, and a careful watch was kept over the loyal garrison.

ANDERSON, it is allowed, managed the flight to Sumter with unusual secrecy and skill. No one but his staff officers knew of his design. Some schooners and barges had been hired, as if to transport the soldiers' families to a neighboring fort—Johnson, a kind of barracks. They were secretly filled with supplies, and sent off with orders to wait for the signal from Fort Sumter. One evening (December 26), when the sun was setting, ANDERSON said to DOUBLEDAY, quietly, "I have determined to evacuate this post immediately for the purpose of occupying Fort Sumter: I can only allow you twenty minutes to form your company and be in readiness to start." It was a brief period, yet in ten minutes Captain DOUBLEDAY bade a sad farewell to his wife, who shared his perils, and in ten minutes he saw his soldiers armed and equipped in readiness to depart. A word or a whisper might destroy them, and they looked every moment for a rain of shot and shell from the hostile troops around them. It was after sunset, and the twilight deepened. There was a faint hope that they might escape in the gloom unseen. Silently they left the fort, marched to the shore, and, hidden behind some rocks, embarked in the boats. DOUBLEDAY led the way, but the oarsmen were unskillful, and made slow progress. A guard steamer approached, but fortunately stopped within a few hundred yards of the flotilla. The darkness covered them. They reached Fort Sumter, where they were met by crowds of workmen wearing secession badges, who called out, angrily, "What are these soldiers doing here?" "I at once," says our author, "formed my men, charged bayonets, drove the tumultuous mass inside the fort, and seized the guard-room which commanded the main entrance." Captains SEYMOUR and FOSTER also arrived safely. The ladies of the garrison were necessarily left behind. Mrs. DOUBLEDAY paced the beach all night, looking toward the distant fort, and the others took refuge in the city. Here they were treated with little civility, and afterward made their way to the North.

The bells rang out in Charleston; the city was aroused early in the morning, when it was known that the garrison had escaped. Governor PINCKNEY at once ordered Fort Moultrie to be seized, the first overt act of war. The Palmetto flag waved over it, a hostile force seized the territory of the people. Meanwhile the Union flag was raised upon Fort Sumter with religious ceremonies, and the strains of "The Star-spangled Banner," played by the military band, floated over the still waters, and may have reached the ears of the foe.

Almost lost in the vast expanse of the unfinished but imposing fort, the garrison found themselves exposed to the danger of a sudden assault, with no proper means of defense. Sumter was built in the form of a pentagon, and, with a small reserve, they could spare only eight men, in case of an attack, for each side. The sally-ports were open, the embrasures protected only by a few boards, and they were at once employed in strengthening the defenses and in building a wall to defend their rear. While they were still busy, three officers in full uniform came from the city to demand, in insolent terms, the surrender of the fort, and at the same time a United States revenue-cutter in the stream was seized by the Carolinians. War was begun. News came from Washington that a steamer would soon reach the harbor to reclaim the government property. On the 28th Charleston was in a wild uproar, the banks suspended specie payment, the people were filled with terror; and had the government shown a proper resolution, it is not impossible that the rebellion might have perished at its birth. But treason and timidity prepared the way for the solution of mighty questions, and the little garrison in Fort Sumter were made instruments in destroying forever the rule of the slave-holders and the prevalence of slavery on the Western continent. Their courage, endurance, and energy were never wasted; neglected by the government that should have protected them, they fixed the attention of the nation; surrounded by thousands of active foes, they showed no trace of discouragement or want of resolution. As their stores and provisions were consumed and they were reduced to extreme privation, they made no complaint; while their enemies gathered in thousands around them, they enlarged and perfected their defenses, and the immense and costly preparations with which the insurgents were forced to meet the calm resistance of sixty or seventy Union men lent an air of absurdity to the unequal and almost preposterous contest. At last, amidst the flames of Fort Sumter and the capture of its scorched and starving garrison, a new era opened upon mankind.

What motives prompted the conduct of its commander; whether Major ANDERSON was in league with the rebellion or bound by some secret orders from his superiors; whether a mistaken humanity or latent timidity held him back—will probably never be known. Yet his want of all decisive action, his plain resolution to take no necessary measures of defense for his feeble garrison, and the open sympathy he showed toward the insurgents are facts that even the most charitable construction fails to explain with credit to his reputation. From January 1, 1861, when he took possession of Fort Sumter by a movement singularly bold and well-managed, almost the first open pledge of defiance to the disaffected, he seems to have done no more. "My dear Governor," he wrote to PICKENS, the rebel chief, "my heart was never in this war." He repeated the sentiment often and openly, and when the guns of Fort Sumter might have saved his command from capture, he refused to use them. On the 31st of December President BUCHANAN, it is asserted, ordered the *Brooklyn*, man-of-war, commanded by Captain FARRAGUT, to take three hundred soldiers from Fortress Monroe and sail at once to Charleston Harbor; and it is not unlikely that had the plan been carried out, the conqueror of Mobile would have easily overawed the secession capital. But some one interfered. The *Star of the West*, a merchant vessel, was sent in place of the *Brooklyn*, filled with raw recruits, and the news was soon carried to the rebels of the nature of the force with which they must contend. They began at once to throw up intrenchments on Morris Island. The cadets from Charleston were seen at work on the new battery. But Major ANDERSON made no effort to interrupt them, and their guns soon commanded the channel. So strangely and so early were the plans of the government told to the rebels, but the first intelligence the garrison received of the approaching expedition was an account of it they read in a newspaper. They refused to believe the news. How could they suppose that a national government would send a merchant steamer to an armed harbor, and even apprise the enemy of its coming? But on the 9th of January Captain DOUBLEDAY saw with his glass a large steamer pass the bar and enter the Morris Channel. Her United States flag was up; it was plainly the *Star of the West*. As she came near the new battery a shot was fired. Captain DOUBLEDAY ran to call Major ANDERSON, who was in bed; the drums beat, the guns were manned. But ANDERSON ordered them not to be fired. The steamer meantime had passed the battery on Morris Island safely, and had come within the range of Fort Moultrie. The latter opened fire upon her; her friends in Sumter lent her no aid, and, turning back, the *Star of the West* sailed swiftly out of the harbor. Two shots struck her, but did little damage. The affair occupied only a few minutes, and the relief which had been promised to the weary garrison was snatched from them at the moment it seemed to lie within their grasp. A few well-directed guns from Sumter, our author thinks, would have silenced Fort Moultrie and brought the steamer safely in; and had she sunk before their eyes, it was Major ANDERSON who must have borne the fearful responsibility.

With such a commander, and so utterly abandoned by all their countrymen, the garrison from January to April were left in a singular and painful isolation. Sometimes half starved by the refusal of the secessionists to allow them provisions, or living on their charity, they sent on all the women and children to the North, and lived alone. Once some photographers came over to take their portraits in a group, one of whom proved to be a spy. But this was little, since Major ANDERSON suffered Confederate officers to wander through the fort and inspect it at will. In January a small force might easily have entered the harbor, driven the enemy from Morris Island, and saved the enormous cost of life and money that was finally paid for Charleston. But still nothing was done. The LINCOLN Administration came into power in March, and yet no relief reached Sumter. The Carolinians began now to repent of their rash rebellion, since the new Confederate government showed them little attention, and they at last knew why Savannah had so willingly furnished them with old hulks to close up their harbor. Their commerce was gone; their poverty extreme and unendurable. But there was no chance of retreat; the Confederate government held them in a rigid grasp, and the forces of the new despotism began the real siege of Sumter. The fort was slowly enveloped in a series of batteries and redoubts. All the "chivalry" of the South were gathered around the little band of Union men, who still held their position unterrified. BEAUREGARD commanded the besieging forces. Often, as he saw the batteries rise around him unopposed, the cannon mounted, the countless hostile flags waving over the barren sands, did Captain DOUBLEDAY long to destroy the imperfect works with a well-aimed fire of his guns, to sweep away the raw troops of the Confederacy, and lay Charleston in abject submission at the feet of the nation it had sought to destroy. There was no moment from November until March when a resolute officer in Charleston Harbor would not have driven the rebellion from the coast, and raised the Union flag on the ruins of secession. But ANDERSON's imperative orders restrained DOUBLEDAY from every act that might disturb the foe. Sumter was repaired, strengthened, and made tolerably secure, but its officers and men had often only pork and biscuit for their dinner.

On the west side of the fort, where the wall was thinnest and weakest, on the land nearest to them, called Cumming's Point, the enemy began to build the most formidable of all their batteries. It was slowly rising for several weeks, and might have been readily destroyed by a few shot or shell. Steamers with materials for the new work passed often within a short distance of Sumter, and its garrison saw with no doubtful emotion the chief instrument of their destruction completed without disturbance. It was built of strong timber plated with railroad iron, and was partly covered with sand; on it were mounted those destructive guns that pierced the walls of Sumter and covered it with a rain of fire. The enemy had also built an iron-clad vessel, the first of these dangerous inventions, and from which they promised themselves the destruction of the national commerce. Charleston teemed with horrible instruments of death. The rebellious leaders were filled with extravagant visions of a slave empire that should reach from the Potomac to the Isthmus of Darien, which should fulfill BURR's traitorous scheme of a Southern power terrible and remorseless, whose slavers should make every white man the possessor of a horde of miserable captives, and whose piratical cruisers might terrify even England into amity. No bounds were set to the mad visions of the secessionists, and all the horrible cruelty and avarice of a natural barbarism were to be gratified by a revival of a slave-trade limitless and profitable beyond all that had ever been known. Charleston was to be the barracoon of the continent, and Africa its El Dorado of human flesh and blood. Such were the visions of BEAUREGARD, RHETT, PICKENS and their companions; and if the Confederate Congress ventured to check their aspirations for the present, no one can doubt that in success they would have been easily revived. But now a new element came into the contest, of whose power neither RHETT nor BEAUREGARD was conscious. The West and the great Northwest began to clamor for the relief of the prisoners in Fort Sumter in tones that had long been threatening; patriotic men in the Eastern capitals sent them food that was often intercepted, and proposed to rescue them by force: the whole country was ashamed of its delay; the people demanded action. LINCOLN had resolved never to abandon Sumter, or to yield a fort or a gun to the rebels; he prepared secretly an expedition to relieve the garrison, and the spies by whom he was surrounded almost as soon sent news of his design to the rebellious chiefs.

No sooner did BEAUREGARD hear that a powerful fleet was to be sent to Charleston Harbor than he determined to commence the attack. All his preparations were made; his lines were all finished. Six thousand men surrounded the sixty in the fort. Nineteen batteries, with guns of extraordinary weight, bore upon the four sides of Sumter, the fifth looked to the sea. On the 6th of April the naval expedition sailed from New

* *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie, in 1860–61.* By ABNER DOUBLEDAY, Brevet Major-General, U.S.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.